

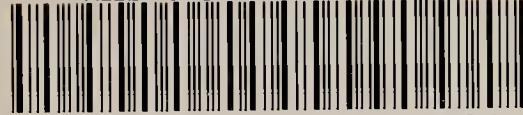
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RANDOLPH
OLD *and* NEW



BEAUTIFUL RANDOLPH
Durand Ridge—Madison and Adams in the distance

RANDOLPH,^{New Hampshire} OLD *and* NEW

*Its Ways and
Its By-ways*

By GEORGE N. CROSS

PUBLISHED BY THE
TOWN OF RANDOLPH, N. H.

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To Her
WHOSE DEVOTED HELPFULNESS
HAS BEEN THE INSPIRATION
OF ALL MY WORK
I DEDICATE THIS
STORY OF RANDOLPH

Good speed - \$5.00

*“Go little book and wish to all,
Flowers in the garden,
Meat in the hall,
A living river beside the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.”*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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Foreword

THE history of Durand and early Randolph speaks for itself. In its simple way it is a romantic story—a story of the grim endurance of great hardships with the ever present consciousness that only a little way distant were sunnier fields and easier living conditions. Many settlers gave up and went away. More than one, unable to endure the monotony and loneliness any longer, took his own life. But the history of those who kept up the struggle till the coming of better things for them or their children, deserves to be written that we may know what cause we have for gratitude; that with pride and thankfulness we may enter into the spirit of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of Randolph.

I will not apologize for the many errors that may be found in this book. I have verified everything that I could. Much has been obtained from the memory of our older people. The town records are in excellent condition save that in many places the ink is faded. I am greatly indebted to the work of the late Charles E. Lowe in searching the early records; the results of which I have used. I am equally indebted to Mr. Thaddeus S. Lowe, who has been

town clerk for twenty-six years and is very conversant with the records.

I would like to mention by name every person who has helped me in this work. But the list would be a very long one. I am especially indebted to Dr. George F. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Boothman and Mr. F. C. Wood of Randolph, and Mrs. Joel Leighton and Mrs. Arthur Hunt of Gorham.

The pleasure and profit of their readers will reward Messrs. Cutter, Lowe, Pease, and Wellman, but I wish to add my thanks for their willingness to enhance so much the value of this volume.

I also wish to express my appreciation to Mr. Charles A. Pinkham, whose taste and experience have been so constantly at my disposal.

GEORGE N. CROSS

Burnbrae, Randolph, June 28, 1924.

BEAUTIFUL RANDOLPH

Beautiful Randolph

RANDOLPH is a land of towering mountains, deep ravines, narrow valleys, wooded ridges, rushing rivers, lofty waterfalls, feathery cascades, dancing brooks, spicy woods. Deer traverse the mountain sides, the bear and the wildcat dwell in the remote rocky gorges, the mink, the sable, the fisher and the muskrat breed along the water courses, trout leap in the clear streams, many varieties of birds nest in its fields and forests in spring and summer and in autumn make its long valley the highway of their southward migration. Rare ferns fringe its shaded paths; a long succession of unfolding flowers make a lingering springtime pursuing the receding snow banks to the very mountain tops. Countless varieties of delicate hued mosses and mushrooms carpet the woods in summer.

It is a well watered land of ice cold rivers and of tributary streams leaping down the mountain sides. From the steep slope of Nowell's Ridge comes the Moose hurrying eastward through the valley, winding down between Gorham Hill and Pine Mountain to join the Androscoggin. From Spaulding Spring and the Ravine of the Cascades, Israel's River rushes westward to the slow moving Connecticut.

Pine Mountain and the loftier Carter-Moriah Range close the valley on the east. Twelve miles to the west is the long blue wall of Cherry Mountain surmounted by the tall watch tower of Owl's Head. With their buttresses springing steeply from the green meadows, three monarchs of the Presidential Range: Madison, Adams and Jefferson, keep ward over the valley on the south. The long ranges of Randolph and Crescent Mountains are the boundary of "Happy Valley" on the north.

The flag snapping in the breeze from the tall lookout on Pine Mountain invites the visitor to scale the bold gray escarpments and learn how easy are the paths and how rewarding is mountain climbing. The Ice Age has planed and polished the mountain's top and left on the smooth ledges great squared blocks hewn from quarries far to the north. Nature gave to Pine Mountain to reveal how beautiful is Randolph. From its south peak you look down its sheer cliffs two thousand feet to the dark forests and quiet green meadows of the Glen with the Peabody plunging down to the Androscoggin. Beyond the Glen Valley rise Moriah, Carter and Carter Dome, Wildcat, Washington and Madison. Through the narrow vista of Carter Notch appear the green hills of the distant Lake Country.

Beneath the north summit is spread out the panorama of a wider green valley down which



COOSAUK FALLS

sweeps the Androscoggin over many dams, past great factories and busy villages. Beyond the river are Mount Hayes and Goose Eye and the blue peaks of Maine.

At the southwest corner of our valley the laminated rocks of Mount Jefferson rise straight into the blue from the steep side of the Ravine of the Castles like towers and bastions of battered and ruined fortifications. Down the tilted floor of the Ravine of Cascades, over gray ledges and among moss covered boulders, slides a brook in a succession of long cascades and snowy plunges to become, in the valley, Israel's River.

Nowell's Ridge is the western wall of King's Ravine eroded "into the heart and up to the throat" of Mount Adams. King's Ravine with its chaos of strewn boulders, its ice caves, its brooks and cascades, its "Gateway" is the most spacious and wonderful gorge in all the White Hills.

Through the forests of Durand Ridge the "Air Line" rising over the serrated rocks of the wind swept "Knife Edge," with the dizzy precipices of King's Ravine and the depths of the Ravine of Snyder Brook upon either side, leads the climber to the summits of Madison and Adams.

Snyder Brook plunges over Salmacis, Tama and Gordon Falls and hurries through fern clad Tama Glen to the valley. Farther to the east are Gordon

Ridge, Bumpus Ravine and Brook. Last down the long valley, Howker's Ridge, the most eastern buttress of Madison pushes upward its tree clad "Howks," a row of bristling porcupines against the sky.

Of a late afternoon, Lookout Ledge reveals the whole southward panorama: leafy ridges, shadowy glens, profound ravines above the golden green of new mown fields, all alight with the level sunbeams flaming down the valley.

In a deep narrow gorge on Crescent Mountain, hidden from the summer sunshine, there is an unmoving but genuine glacier. Through the ages the winter frosts have broken and dislodged rock masses from the steep sides of the little ravine, burying deeper and deeper this chill reminder of their annual presence. Hither summer never comes. In July the arctic birches bud, the pussies venture out on the dwarf birches and the ferns uncoil. The boulders piled on the ice are mantled with delicate green, yellow, and golden brown moss. Up the steep walls spruces and hemlocks spring to the very top, outlined against a narrow strip of blue. Down through this anomalous Ice Gulch a little stream from the melting ice has chiseled for itself a scroll-like channel fringed with mosses, ferns and hardy little flowers. At the end of the gulch the expanded brook casts itself downward sixty feet in a feathery

white cascade, Peboamauk Fall, the "home of the winter."

On the northern borders of the town, between Randolph and Pliny Mountains, in a picturesque rolling little valley lies "Pond of Safety." It is ever the objective of eager fishermen, the goal of many a woodland ramble. Into it empty little brooks of cold spring water. From it flows the Upper Ammonoosuc to join the Connecticut far to the north.

On the mossy shore of this little tarn through the last years of the American Revolution lived, unknown and undiscovered, four soldiers of the Continental Army, Benjamin Hicks, James Ryder, William Danforth and Lazarus Holmes. The cause of their long retreat from the world was as curious as it was honorable to the four patriots. Early in the war they were captured by the British but quickly paroled and sent back to their regiment. Their superior officers believing their parole papers to be fraudulent, ordered them back into the ranks. The four men refused to take up arms again in violation of their word of honor to the British. Learning that they were about to be arrested as deserters, they fled to the wilderness in the north to find in unknown Durand among the mountains, a little pond that for more than three years was to be their safety. Here, undiscovered and perhaps forgotten, these involuntary hermits lived as best they could on what rod

and gun provided. At the close of the war they emerged from their hiding to join the early settlement in Dartmouth, now Jefferson, of which they became valued and respected citizens.

In the merry circle lying before the blazing logs at Cascade Camp under the low-hung, star-lit sky of a summer evening, this story will sometimes be told.

In the days of the French and Indian Wars there stood on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Jesuit and Indian village of St. Francis. From that village set out many strong parties of Indian warriors under command of French officers and instigation of Jesuit priests to march southward through the forests and steal upon the settlements in New England. The savages always returned from the burned and pillaged villages laden with English scalps and sometimes treasures of gold and silver. The latter they offered to their saint till the shrine of St. Francis became the richest in all the region. To make an end of these incursions, General Lord Amherst sent Major Robert Rogers with a hundred and fifty picked and experienced soldiers to attack and destroy the village on the St. Lawrence. The punitive expedition arrived on the outskirts of St. Francis at midnight to find the village buried in drunken slumber, following a prolonged orgy. It was an easy matter to fall upon and slaughter or put to flight all the inhabitants. In a few hours the village of St. Francis was in ashes.



IN THE RAVINE OF THE CASCADES

In the morning the Rangers began their homeward march, laden with the spoils of the wealthy shrine, a great weight of gold, the church plate, two golden candlesticks and a silver image of the Virgin of many pounds weight. From the start, trouble attended the spoil laden expedition. Heavy snows fell to encumber their path, provisions failed. Great numbers of their savage foes, recovered from their surprise and defeat, hung on the rear of their march. Major Rogers divided his command into a number of small parties that they might the better subsist by hunting on their retreat. But cold, hunger and a ruthless foe pursued them all. Many years ago two gold candlesticks found on the shores of Lake Memphremagog identified the camping place of one party. Fragments of gold dug up at various places have marked the devious course down across Coös County of that sorrowful retreat.

A party of nine men, still carrying the silver image of the Virgin, tried to find their way through the mountain wall to the settlements by the Notch. Their Indian guide drew out a little map of this region on a piece of bark, scratching the hand of the white man with the fang of a rattlesnake as he gave him the chart, and fled into the forest. The nine white men seeking the Notch by aid of the Indian's chart, which was entirely false, wandered up Israel's River into this ravine. The leader died in terrible

agony from the poison of the rattlesnake. The others, too feeble to scale the steep walls, wandered up and down among these cascades and one by one died of starvation.

Years later a hunter camping for the night, perhaps on this very spot, from his bed of boughs at the foot of a tree saw a vision. The curtain of night mists that had gathered among the trees high over the brook, slowly lifted, revealing a great gothic stone church with a tall, shining spire. The walls of the church slowly parted, revealing within, an altar from which arose a curling, luminous wreath of incense smoke. By dim lights in the church the hunter could see figures, apparently of Indians, kneeling at the altar. From an unseen choir rose a wild, weird chant in worship of the Great Spirit. Gradually the mist curtain among the trees wavered downward and grew denser, shutting out the great church, the shining spire, the altar and the kneeling group of savage worshippers. Out of the mists slowly marched a file of nine white men in tattered garments with pale, pinched faces. Before the leaders moved a shining silver image of the Virgin as the ghostly line of soldiers slowly wound down over the ledges beside the brook. As the last man disappeared from sight a loud mocking laugh awoke the hunter.

The tradition records that the last starving Ranger

kept the silver image by his side till he died. Many believe that somewhere along this brook, among the ledges, or under the leaf mold of the centuries, lies the silver image from the altar of St. Francis.

“Has there never been found any real evidence of the presence here in the Ravine of the Cascades of the famous Rogers Rangers?” “Yes. It is said, on how good authority I do not know, that in the early days of Durand a hunter found at the foot of a great tree in this ravine a heap of moldy and decayed belts and straps, a knapsack and some powder horns of ancient design.”

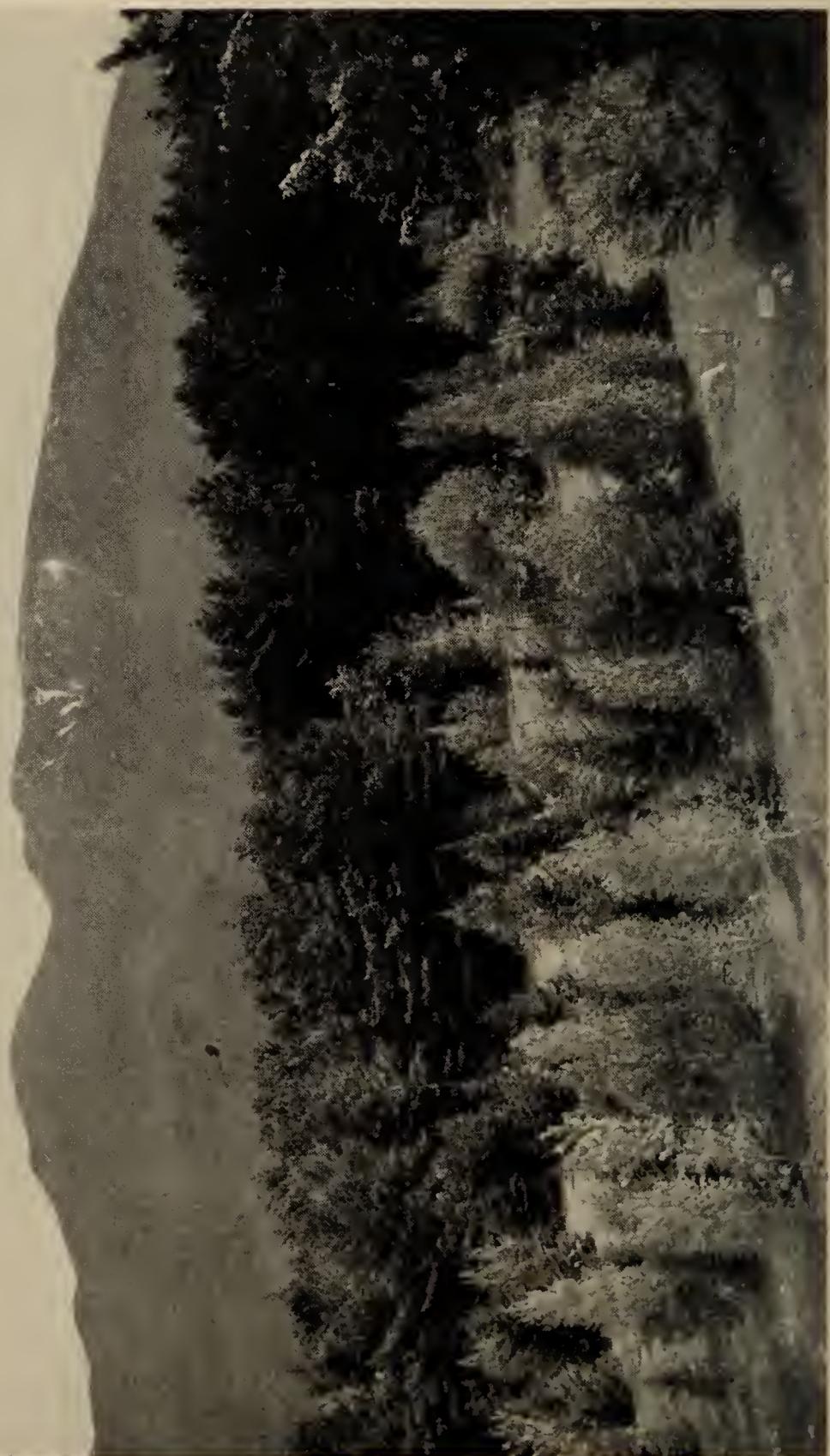
As John Muir said of the Yosemite, Randolph blends masculine strength with feminine beauty. Over a beetling cliff a feathery cascade drops like a bridal veil. The granite ledges nourish the fragile flower in their crannied walls. Nature hides the scars of winter’s savagery beneath a web of fairy ferns.

Randolph extends hospitable welcome to every nature lover. Woodland paths lead upward across alpine pastures to every mountain summit. Every ravine, gorge, ridge, stream, waterfall, lake is made easily and safely accessible. To the motorist rolling along her splendid roads she reveals the grandeur, the wildness, the majesty of the Presidential Range as no other region can do.

But Randolph has one chief and crowning glory

which she holds in reserve for those who linger till the bright, crisp days, harbingers of winter, have come. For many days and nights Nature has been preparing for this last scene in the panorama of the Seasons, painting with nimble frost fingers, in all the brilliant colors and delicate tints on her palette, the leaves of the deciduous trees on the forested slopes. Late some afternoon the clouds gather thick around the summits. A wild storm rages all night long on the heights. In the morning the clouds slowly lift and roll away. Behold the summits of Jefferson, Adams, Madison, standing out sharp against the blue—their regal shoulders clad in the ermined mantle of new fallen snow, their lower slopes arrayed in the dyed garments of Bozra.

Such is the beautiful Randolph thousands have learned to love, whose heroic early History, whose present Ways and Byways the pages of this little book will seek to describe.



MADISON AND ADAMS
With their June snowbanks as seen from the Mount Crescent House

DURAND

his loving subjects John Durand, and John Durand, Jr. the tract of land in the northern portion of New Hampshire, which in honor of the senior grantee was named Durand.

Following the lines surveyed by the King's surveyor-general, the tract was defined as beginning at a "red birch tree" on the western boundary of Shelburne Addition, running northwest a mile to a spruce tree, thence northeast six miles to a red birch tree, thence northward five miles to a hemlock tree, thence northeast to a red birch tree, thence south six miles to a birch tree, thence swinging back to "the bound began at."

In this grant exception was made of fifteen hundred acres that royal favor bestowed upon Edward Parry, Thomas Brown, and Charles Henzell.

The "*conditions hereinafter made*" were six: that the grantees should within three years build a road three rods wide, passable for carriages of all kinds through the said tract; that they should settle or cause to be settled six families by the first of January, 1774; and that six years later there should be at least sixty families settled; that all white and other pine trees growing upon the tract and "*suitable for mast-ing our Royal Navy*" should be preserved for that use; that before any division of the lands was made, a tract as near the centre of the township as possible should be set apart for town lots, one of which, con-

taining four acres, should be allotted to each grantee; that the grantees should pay to the King, or his Heirs, on or before the first of January, 1776, the “*Rent of one Ear of Indian Corn, only if lawfully demanded*”; that on January 1, 1782, and every January after forever, each settler in the tract should pay to the King’s representative in Portsmouth, one shilling Proclamation money for each hundred acres owned.

In case of failure to meet all or any of these conditions, the grant and every part of it was to be “*forfeited and revert to us and our successors, to be by us or them re-entered upon and re-granted to any of our loving subjects.*” Such forfeitures did sometimes occur in our early colonial history. The original grantees of the township of Dartmouth, afterward Jefferson, failed to fulfil similar conditions and the gift was revoked to be again bestowed seven years later upon other persons with the exception of four original grantees. The grantees of Durand never met any of the conditions imposed.

In 1774 John Wentworth had succeeded the energetic Benning Wentworth at Portsmouth. Possibly war clouds looming black over his colonies in America diverted the King’s attention from the lapses of his loving subjects. The Declaration of Independence cancelled obligations to the King even in the northern wilderness.

There is no evidence that the Durands, father or son, ever came to New England. In the "Journal" of the House of Representatives of the Colony for 1777, there is the entry of the petition of one Edward Parry for pay for oars and rafters. It is therefore possible that one of the grantees of Durand came to New Hampshire and cast in his lot with the patriots of 1776. The great straggling township, whose limits were defined by such perishable bounds as red birches, hemlocks and spruce trees, relapsed into almost unclaimed wilderness.

Till near the close of the eighteenth century the White Mountain region and the great wilderness to the north remained a *terra incognita*, visited only by explorers, scientists, hunters and trappers. Over it all, particularly the mountain region, there hung a pall of mystery. It was feared because unknown, shunned because of a reputation for barrenness and arctic cold. Mothers brought unruly children to subjection by threatening to banish them to the White Mountains. There was, however, a widespread belief that hidden away among the ravines or under the granite ledges, was great wealth in minerals and precious metals.

In 1803, all the region from the highlands of the St. Lawrence River, southward to Carroll and Grafton, from the Connecticut River to Maine, a tract of more than a million acres, was incorporated

into a county and named from the upper reaches of the Connecticut (the crooked) Coös County. A few settlements had been made and prosperous townships organized before the county was incorporated. The first and most important of these was Lancaster in 1763. Very little was ever written of Durand. From contemporary records of similar and neighboring townships, something can be learned.

The valleys, drained by Israel's and the Moose Rivers, and far up the mountain sides were covered by unbroken forests. In small areas of undrained swamps grew larches and cedars. From the bleaching branches of old spruces and dying cedars hung long streamers of greenish moss. These areas of dismal swamp were few and small, for the rivers and their numerous tributaries made the valley well drained as well as well watered. The whole floor of the valley was dark with firs, spruces and occasional hemlocks, which grew to gigantic size. Here and there grew a tall and beautiful soft pine. But unlike other portions of the province, the forests of Durand were never searched for masts for the King's navy. As the land sloped upward at the sides of the valley the needled trees were succeeded by maples—white, red and striped—bass, and mountain birch (seldom the graceful white birch, for that tree loves openness and proximity to civilization), beech and occasionally patches of black spruce and fir clambering far up the

ridges to a line where the deciduous trees, unable to bear the buffeting of the blasts fell away; the firs and spruces dwarfing gradually into an arctic vegetation. Across the dark green valley and the mottled slopes, the mists drifted and the cloud shadows raced just as they do today. Over the wilderness silence brooded, broken by the scream of an eagle, the howl of a wolf, the roar of a swollen stream.

On the banks of the Androscoggin in their pointed wigwams lived a very small tribe of Indians, the Arosagunticooks, the last remnant of the once powerful Abenakis. Warfare, pestilence, and starvation in winter were bringing these earlier landowners to extinction. Never were there Indian trails and paths through the forests of Durand. The Indians seldom fished in its streams or hunted in its woods. They felt an awe and dread of the high peaks.

On the cloud enveloped summits dwelt the Great Spirit. Their great chief Passaconaway had been conveyed to Mount Washington in a sledge drawn by wolves, and from the highest peak had ascended into heaven in a glowing chariot.

The first white men to penetrate the regions around the mountains after Darby Field, John Josslyn, and other explorers, were hunters and trappers. They furnished to subsequent settlers a knowledge of the region and names that have persisted. The hunter, Willard, who for years roamed the

forests of Kilkenny, gave his own name to Mt. Willard. The faithful dog that piloted the bewildered and starving hunter back to his camp gave name to the beautiful Pilot Range. The brothers Israel and John Glines hunted and trapped the region to the northwest of the great range. Israel chose as his possession the stream flowing out of the Ravine of the Cascades through Lancaster. John was content to give his name to the lesser stream that finds its way to the Connecticut through Whitefield.

Hunters usually went into the wilds in autumn and followed the game trails through the winter. The men intending permanent settlement came in the spring. But the beginnings of things were the same for trapper or settler. They brought with them the trusty gun and a stock of ammunition, an axe, a frying pan, salt and Indian meal, a few articles of warm clothing, flint and steel, and if intending settlement, seeds for a first crop. Families were left behind in some older settlement till the labors of a first summer could gain a foothold and the beginning of a home. A well drained spot near the bank of a stream was selected. Hunter, squatter, or settler, with a lawful claim to a hundred or two acres—the newcomer's first thought was for a roof over his head which he made by peeling the bark from a great hemlock and stretching it over a frame of poles in the form of a lean-to. Fir boughs spread on the

ground made a luxurious bed for tired limbs. Close in front of the open camp a stone fireplace, capped with a flat stone for the frying pan completed the cooking arrangements. Of food there was no lack. Deer peered curiously at the intruder from every thicket, moose came down to the brook to drink, bears crashed through the undergrowth, partridges drummed on the mossy logs, pigeons nested in the trees, trout lurked in the still pools of the brook.

Life in the new and the open was quickly begun. The hunter roamed the mountain sides, set his traps in the waters of the Moose and Israel's, up Cold-brook and among the rocky lairs of the ravines. In the spring he made up his pack of pelts and tramped down the Androscoggin to Portland or through the Notch to Portsmouth.

The settler who came in the spring set at once to felling and burning trees. Around the stumps in the blackened clearing he "scratched in" rye and turnip seed, and in sunny spots planted pumpkins. Before midsummer he had begun to "roll up" a cabin home. Straight spruce logs of uniform size were notched for locking into each other at the ends; after being rolled into place they were further secured by driving wooden pins into the logs beneath. The chinks between the logs were filled with mud or moss. The chimney was built outside, the lower part of stones, the upper of short logs. The roof at first was covered

with strips of hemlock bark. The earliest cabins were of a single apartment without floor or window. The door was of "puncheons," small poplar or maple logs hewn flat.

By the fall of the first season the energetic settler had ready the beginning of a homestead: a one room cabin and some sort of a shelter for a cow. The soil of his little clearing was deep and fertile. Among the blackened stumps and strewn boulders had grown a crop that yielded several bushels of rye and enough straw thatch to replace the leaky hemlock bark on the roof of the cabin. In a pit, dug in the ground below the frost line, he stored in safety his grain, turnips and pumpkins. Then he thought himself in readiness for the family. Some settlers brought wife and children into the wilderness the first fall. Terrible was the privation, and dire the experience of those first Durand winters. The average winter conditions in the mountain region a century and a half ago were probably somewhat different from those of today. The miles and miles of unbroken forests in valleys and on mountain sides tended to keep the strata of air above more uniform in density and temperature, thus preventing to some extent high winds. The forests themselves served as wind breaks. The early settlers seldom experienced such terrific blasts as now sweep down the valley and across Randolph Hill during the winter. If ther-

mometers had been invented and their records handed down to us we should probably find that the average winter cold was much more intense than at the present time. Firewood was plentiful and the men folks of every family were skilful in preparing it for the big fireplace. A huge fire was kept constantly roaring up the wide-throated chimney. In consequence of its spaciousness the draft of the short chimney was poor, and smoke was always present in the cabin, to which the dwellers became quite inured. In summer the acrid wood smoke became an indispensable luxury, for which the fire on the hearth was kept burning in the hottest weather to drive away the mosquitoes and black flies. The extensive forests and stagnant waters now drained and dried were the breeding places of swarms of rapacious insects such as are seldom known today. Added to other hardships those early husbandmen had to maintain at times in the summer, all day in the pasture, and all night in the barn, a smudge of dry chips and damp herbs for the relief of their insect tormented cattle.

For some reason that meteorology does not explain snow fell to a much greater depth in Durand than in present-day Randolph. Storms that buried the scattered cabins in a fall of eight or ten feet of snow were not uncommon as the letters and fragmentary journals of early settlers testify. Communication

among neighbors was then kept up by means of snowshoes, the construction and use of which had been learned from the Indians.

Life in Durand was hard, but it had its compensations. It was often observed that the health, good spirits, and sense of self-reliance of the settlers increased as the years went by. The hard labor on the new land became a real joy and built up a peculiar vigor. A keen appetite for the coarse food and restricted regimen made rich blood. The early settlers lived to a great age and transmitted to their posterity longevity. In 1877 there were living in Randolph four men whose united ages were three hundred and eight years. The inscriptions on the marbles in the Randolph cemetery are a record of the lives of men and women full of years and good deeds.

ALONG THE ROAD

Along the Road

THE histories of the older towns of Lancaster, Jefferson and Shelburne make it evident that very early, before the nineteenth century, a road was built through Durand practically where now runs the Randolph highway—the shortest route between the settlements on the upper Connecticut and Portland. Belknap tells us just how the road was built.

“The manner of making a new road through the wilderness is this: First a surveyor and his party, with the compass and chain, explore the country and where they find the land suitable for a road the trees are spotted by cutting out a piece of the bark and at the end of every mile the number is marked on the nearest tree. Then follow the axe-men who clear away the bushes and fell the trees in a space of three rods wide, cutting them as near as possible to the ground, that the stumps may not impede traveling. If the trees are very long they are again cut into such lengths that the teamsters, by the help of chains and oxen, may draw them out of the way. In wet land the trees thus felled, or others which are proper, are formed into causeways and bridges. Rocks are turned out of the road, or split by gunpowder, or heated by fire and then softened by water.

“Roads are not brought to perfection at once, especially in rocky and hilly land, but after the first operations they are passable for single horses and teams of oxen. As the earth is opened to the sun many wet places are dried, brooks contracted and as the land is cleared more and more, smaller streams disappear. For crossing smaller streams the beaver dams are found very safe and convenient. They are about three or four feet wide at the top and on a level with the water above and always firm and solid. New roads, therefore, are frequently laid out, so as to save expense, by taking advantage of the labors of that useful animal.

“The expense of making and keeping in repair is generally borne by the proprietors and inhabitants of the towns through which they pass, though in some instances new roads have been explored and laid out at public expense.

“It was formerly customary for those who were at work on the highways to invite passengers to drink and expect a gratuity in return. This beggarly practice is almost entirely abolished.

“In traveling through New Hampshire there are now places so remote from public houses or hospitable inhabitants as to oblige the traveler to lodge in the woods. When this happens, either by necessity or choice, a temporary shelter may be constructed in an hour by persons furnished with an axe. For

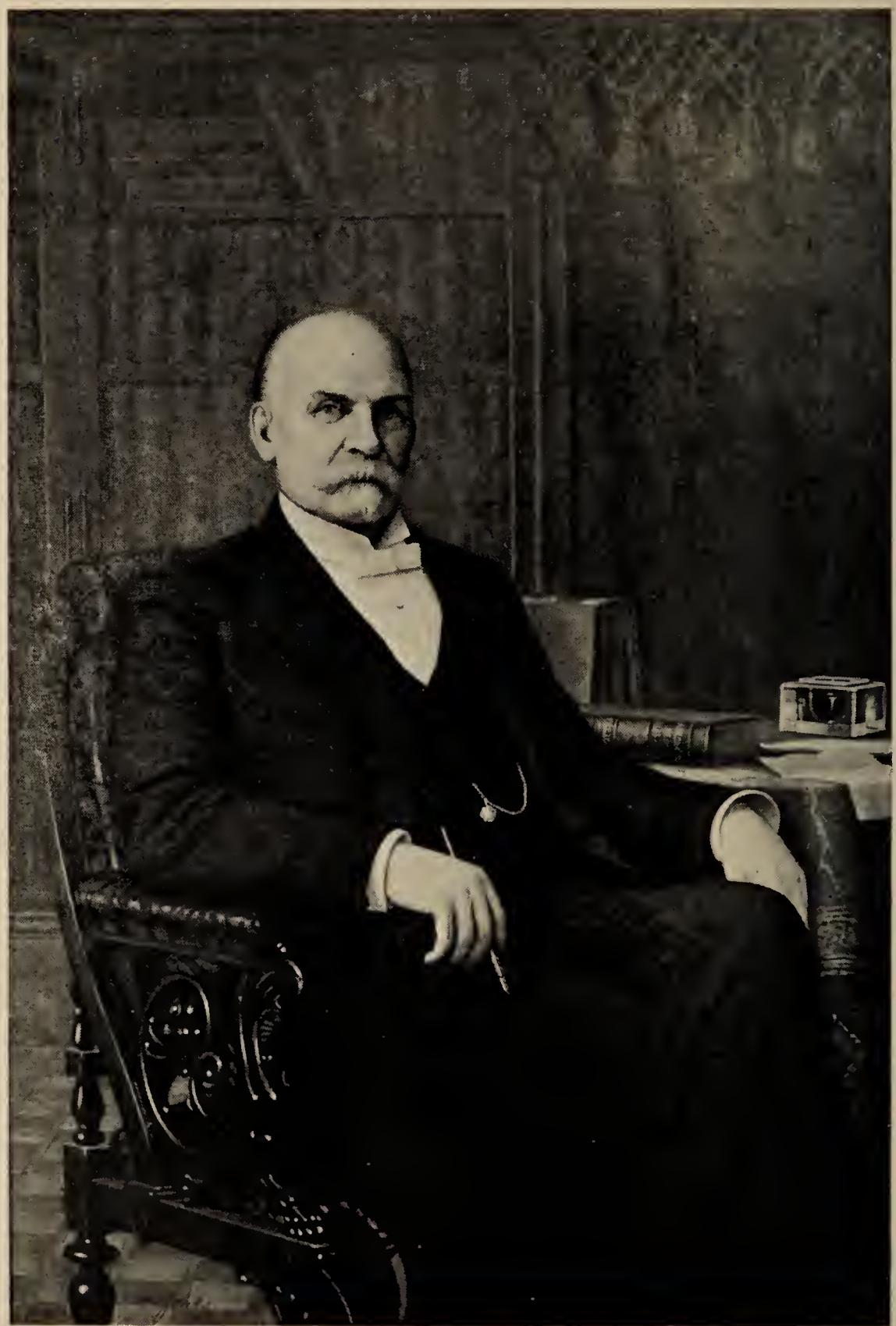
this purpose a dry situation is chosen as near as may be to running water. The bark of hemlock or a spruce is peeled in pieces three or four feet long and flattened; two or three upright crotchets are set in the ground on which a pole is fixed horizontally; from the pole are laid other sticks in a sloping position to the ground. On these are laid the flattened pieces of bark, each lapped over the other in the form of shingles. Under this shed other pieces of bark are laid on the ground for a floor on which are strewed small twigs for a carpet. Before the open side of the hut a large fire is made toward which the traveler places his feet, then wrapped in a blanket he passes the night very comfortably, though if the wind be unfavorable he may be somewhat incommoded by smoke. He is in no danger from wild beasts as they never venture near a fire."

It was seldom necessary for the traveler along the Durand-Randolph road when night overtook him to build such a wayside shelter or sleep under the starlit sky. From very early times there was at least one wayside tavern within the limits of the township. The keeping of a public house was a serious and honorable business. The town records show that licenses for the keeping of an inn, and the dispensing of spirituous liquors at three cents per glass, were issued for one year at a time, always to men "of good moral character" at their usual place of residence.

The road skirting the northern side of the valley with a branch to the top of Randolph Hill, once cleared three rods wide, but quickly narrowed down to a muddy trail by the encroaching new growth, gradually improved with the years to one of the finest thoroughfares in the mountains. For a long time explorers, hunters, and settlers trudged along a blazed trail with their packs on their backs; a well to do traveler mounted on an ox, sometimes a horse; a "car," the settler in the saddle, wife and children on the pillion, their worldly possessions lashed to the trailing poles near the ground, winding along among the trees; pairs of oxen drawing sleds and as the road broadened and improved two wheeled carts and the "shay" of the opulent. There survives a tradition that a woman, picking berries by the roadside in Shelburne, ran home to tell the incredulous family she had seen a horse pass by drawing a shay with *four wheels*.

Lancaster, Shelburne, and Bethel grew to be of such importance that a mail route was established. Twice a week a wagon drawn by two horses, carrying mail and passengers from Portland and Bethel, was driven from Shelburne through Randolph to Lancaster, returning the next day.

But what of the dwellers, the dwellings, the sights and sounds, the neighborhood interests, the daily life that has been lived along this road for a



PROFESSOR THADDEUS SOBIESKI C. LOWE

hundred and fifty years? Three years after Durand became Randolph, at the western limits of the town on what is now the Meadows Road, Benjamin Ockington built a house, probably of logs. Close by at a fall in Israel's River he built a saw mill for Joseph Holmes. Seven or eight years later Augustus Stevens built near it another mill for sawing clapboards. Other owners of one or both of the mills were Anson Stillings, Robert Blair, J. G. Lary, the Canton Steam Mill Co., C. E. Lowe and G. W. and N. W. Libby. In 1884 the mills were destroyed by fire but later rebuilt and operated till the local supply of lumber was exhausted.

The engine which supplemented the water power in the old mill had a curious history. For years it was the famous locomotive "Nulhegan" on the Grand Trunk Railway. On retirement from the rails it came to Randolph to do service as a stationary engine. After the burning of the Blair Mill the old machine took to the road again, was drawn by twenty-two pairs of oxen to Bennett's Landing, loaded upon a freight car and sent to Laconia. There it was refitted as a steam boiler and returned to Bennett's. Thence it journeyed up Stag Hollow and through the forests to the "Pond of Safety" where in the Libby Mill it furnished power to the great circular saws for years.

Portions of the neighboring lands were sold to

M. V. B. Watson and Joseph Kelsey. The latter made improvements on his acres and erected buildings at the juncture of the Meadows and Highlands Roads. Here he kept a small store where hikers and tourists found cool refreshment till Joe Kelsey's little shop found a place on the map as "Summer Drinks." The farm is now in the hands of Mr. Fred Kelsey.

A few rods to the east of the Kelsey farm, years ago, stood a ruined and decayed log house and barn, a memento of a very early settler, Jesse Bumpus. For many years Samuel Rogers made a home in the old cabin and then surrendered the entire clearing back to the eager claims of Nature.

The next farm, now owned by Mr. Ernest Farrar, has an interesting history. One hundred twenty-four years ago Silas Bumpus, to be near neighbor to Jesse who was probably his brother, began clearing the next lot. The lands at that point must have been very heavily forested for the soil is deep and rich. East of the home site was a large level meadow once the flowage land of a beaver pond. Traces of the beaver dam are still to be found. Bumpus erected log buildings and tilled his good acres for almost twenty years. In 1819 he sold the farm and went far down the valley to begin a new clearing near the present railroad station.

Among the English Puritans settled in New Eng-

land in the seventeenth century was a family of Lowes, said to be descended from Puritan stock. The family still possess a pewter platter that reached America in the *Mayflower*. The family settled and lived long in Maine. In 1819 Levi Lowe who was living in the town of Gray, thought to better himself by removal to Canada. He sold his farm, loaded his household goods on a wagon and with his large family, like the nomadic patriarchs of Israel, drove his cattle and sheep before him, and set out on the long road to Canada. The company reached Durand late in the autumn. In Durand they found hay in abundance for their animals, and shelter for all, and resolved to spend the winter. In the spring Levi Lowe having found something better than Canada bought the farm of Silas Bumpus and the name of Lowe became *magna pars* of Randolph history.

Levi Lowe was one of the committee of three, authorized under the act of incorporation, to call the first meeting of the new town and was the first town clerk. After his death in 1836 at the early age, for a Randolph pioneer, of sixty-four years, his widow, Mary S. Low, carried on the farm for twenty-three years more. She was the first woman in the town to suffer the injustice of taxation without representation. In the first volume of the town records is preserved a copy of a sale of "heffiers" which shows both the importance that was attached to the trans-

greater activities of Berlin, the place changed owners more than once; the buildings fell into decay and were burned.

At the east of the Bradbury farm the valley of Israel's River broadens out into the green meadows of the Bowman farm. Here was a place to attract the early settler. Some years prior to 1800 came John Bowman and his son Hiram to clear the level fields. They erected rambling log buildings. "Bowman Tavern" extended comfort and hospitality to travelers for more than thirty years, until the death of Hiram Bowman in 1827.

The life at Bowman Tavern in those early days was that of the savage wilderness. A lady now residing in Jefferson recalls her mother's girlhood memories of a visit at the farm when she was a little girl. One night in the absence of the men folks the care of the stock devolved upon the women of the household. They hastened to do up the chores about the barns and make everything snug and secure before dark. After night fall, with the outer doors securely barred, they sat around the blazing fire in the kitchen, heard the wolves howl around the cabin and scratch at the doors; saw the hungry beasts place their forepaws on the window sill outside and with snarling jaws and glowing eyeballs stare in at the terrified circle around the fire.

On Monday night, August 28, 1826, the night of

the destruction of the Willey family in the Notch, a terrible storm burst upon the Randolph valley. The rain floods set loose an avalanche from the steep sides of the Ravine of the Cascades, the slide came roaring down the river gorge and spread over the farm. Strange to narrate not one of the sleeping Bowman family was awakened by the uproar. Great was their amazement and grief the next morning as they looked out upon the ruin and destruction spread over their mowing fields.

John Bowman lived to a great age. In his later years he was very active in promoting the interests of the young town, serving as one of the selectmen as late as 1834.

The Bowman memory survives in the name of the railway station, although the farm buildings and a mill on the bank of the river disappeared years ago. The broad green fields that John and Hiram Bowman wrested from the forests have yielded their harvests through all the years. In later years owners and part owners of Bowman farm have been many, John Kendall, Frank Morrison, Frank Wilson, Henry Wallace, Frank Hayes, C. S. Lowe, Chas. E. Lowe, E. A. Crawford, and others.

Upon the lot adjoining the Bowman farm on the east a clearing was made and buildings erected by a man of whom nothing can be learned except that his name was Higgins. Long after the departure of the

original settler the clearing came into the possession of Hubbard Hunt who developed a fine, productive farm. But Hubbard Hunt intensely loved the mountains, spent days and nights among them and came to know them as his own possession. His mountain love and lore, his fine companionable spirit made him in constant demand as a guide.

In time the rails of the extension of the Whitefield and Jefferson Railroad were laid across the Bowman and Hunt farms. The railway company purchased the homestead of Mr. Hunt and there for many years Mr. Thomas Penney has resided.

Half a mile below the Hubbard Hunt farm, far back from the highway, on the hillside stands a tree shaded, vine clad modern cottage, the home of Mr. Charles E. Hunt. Associated with that home site is a great deal of Randolph history. Immediately after the founding of the new town, Richard Ingalls came from Shelburne, cleared fifteen acres here and erected the log cabin that was to be the future home of Clovis Lowe. Clovis Lowe was the son of Levi and the brother of Justus Lowe. He was a restless, energetic, enterprising man and tried his fortune in many ways and places. In the very early days of Berlin he built a camp on the bank of the Androscoggin and had a cobbler's shop in what is now the heart of the city.

The first entry under "Record of Publications" is

as follows: "*This certifies the Intention of Marriage between Mr. Clovis Lowe of Randolph in New Hampshire and Alpha A. Green of Shelburne has been entered in the Town Clerk's Office and published according to Law.*

"Certified at Randolph, this twenty-sixth day of October, 1825."

Clovis Lowe, like his father and brother Justus, was active in forwarding the interests of early Randolph. He was the postmaster for many years, one of the selectmen and the first man from Randolph to represent in the legislature the district which consisted of Randolph, Jefferson, Kilkenny, and Nash and Sawyer's Location. In those early days the elected representatives were sometimes too poor to meet the expense of the trip to Concord, but it is likely that Clovis Lowe claimed his seat in that august body.

In 1856 Mr. Lowe, with his son Charles, bought the Robert Ingalls farm to be his home during prosperity and adversity for twenty-six years.

Clovis Lowe was a man of indomitable energy. In his last years he had built up a fine productive farm with excellent buildings on the hillside. At the age of eighty he saw those buildings swept away by fire. But with the energy of youth he rebuilt them that he might have a home for the years of life that remained. He died very suddenly in 1882 at the age of eighty-two years.

While temporarily residing in Jefferson in 1832 a son was born to Clovis and Alpha Green Lowe, whom they named Thaddeus Sobieski C. Lowe—a name destined to be famous.

Thaddeus Lowe's childhood was the story of the farm boy of a century ago. His days were given to the hard drudgery of the barn, the woodpile, and the stony, cultivated field. In the autumn the boy gathered a great store of pine knots. During the long winter evenings, by the light of those knots, he read and studied his slender stock of books. For the three months of the winter he attended the primitive district school, walking the distance of two miles on snowshoes. When he was only fifteen years old a longing for greater knowledge of science, particularly chemistry, gave him the courage to break the ties of his mountain home. He walked all the way to Portland, a distance of more than a hundred miles. From Portland he reached Boston on a sailing vessel. In Boston he apprenticed himself as a leather cutter for three years. At twenty-one Mr. Lowe was a full fledged physician. Disliking the practice of his profession, he toured the country for years as a popular lecturer on chemistry and physics, illustrating his lectures with brilliant experiments and gaining wide fame.

Mr. Lowe early became interested in the navigation of the air. So great was the confidence in his

scientific attainments and his inventive genius that capital was readily supplied him for the building of enormous balloons designed for navigating the air across the Atlantic. This early aeronaut encountered difficulties that have since been gradually obviated. He was finally compelled to relinquish his cherished plan of reaching Europe by balloon to the aerial navigators and aces of today. But the discussion of his projects by the newspapers and scientific journals for years made his name famous in every part of the world.

Early in the Civil War Mr. Lowe was summoned to the White House to consult with Mr. Lincoln and high army officials in regard to the use of balloons for war observations. As a result of the conference a corps of aeronautics was organized with Professor Lowe in command. For three years he rendered most important service to the Union cause by making observations from captive balloons in telegraphic communication, both with army commanders and with Washington.

There is an unverified story that once Professor Lowe took up with him in his balloon a young lad from the German Embassy. From his experiences on that trip the boy, whose name was Zeppelin, became so deeply interested in aeronautics that he made the building and use of dirigibles his life study.

At the outbreak of a war between Brazil and Paraguay, the Emperor of Brazil offered Thaddeus Lowe a major general's commission in the Brazilian army which he declined. But Mr. Lowe furnished to Brazil, balloons, trained aerial navigators, and apparatus that are said to have materially shortened the war. Mount Lowe, a mountain of the Sierra Madre Range in southern California, a summit resort as famous as Mount Washington or Pike's Peak, is named in honor of Thaddeus Lowe. He laid out and invented the machinery of the remarkable funicular railway by which the mountain is ascended. The railway was regarded by the inventor as the crowning achievement of his career. In his later years Mr. Lowe lived in Pasadena where he died in January, 1913, at the age of eighty years.

Mr. Lowe devoted his whole life to scientific research and inventions and at the end was counted an aeronaut the equal of Professor Langley, a scientist, the peer of Count Rumford.

In summer the roses clamber over the cottage, and the flowers bloom in profusion all about the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Hunt, the grandchildren of Clovis Lowe, just where Mrs. Lowe planted and cared for them years ago. With the patriotism and devotion of the wives and mothers of New Hampshire in the years of the Civil War, Mrs. Lowe sent forth with her blessing from that Randolph farm

her husband and six sons to serve their country. Two attained the rank of colonel and one that of lieutenant and all seven came home at the end of their service without a wound.

On the banks of the Moose, near the home of Mr. Chas. E. Hunt, for years stood Thompson's saw mill. Here was the scene of one of the few terrible tragedies that have darkened the annals of the town.

On February 17, 1880, the steam boiler of the mill exploded, wrecked the building and instantly killed Elden Page of Orono, Roger Johnson of Oldtown, Gilbert Sylvester of West Bethel, Maine, and Elmer Buzzell of Randolph, and seriously wounded Levi F. Hervey.

Beyond the historic Clovis Lowe farm are several homes of much more recent date and of brief history, those of the late Frank Reed, his son Rayner C. Reed, Vyron D. Lowe, William Coulter, Thomas Milner, Thaddeus S. Lowe and Leon Lowe, every family directly descended from Clovis Lowe. In every household, with a single exception, is growing up the fourth generation of that sturdy old Puritan English stock. The farm of Mr. Vyron D. Lowe was for many years the homestead of Mr. Chas. E. Lowe, the story of whose life is told in the chapter on the pioneer pathmakers.

The large farm with its broad, smooth fields stretching down across the Moose is one of the old-

est in the town and has a most interesting history. Mr. Thaddeus Sobieski Lowe, the present owner, is the grandson of Clovis Lowe and the nephew and namesake of Professor Thaddeus Sobieski C. Lowe.

About the year 1790, Stephen Gilson made a clearing here and probably "rolled up" log buildings. After a few years Mr. Gilson sold his small possessions to one of the most interesting pioneers and early settlers in all the history of Durand and Randolph. Obadiah Mann, Senior, probably came to our valley from the vicinity of Boston. Unlike most of the pioneers of this region he was a man of wealth and resources and was energetic in all enterprises for the betterment of the neighborhood. He had been a Revolutionary patriot and soldier.

After the close of the Revolution, Captain Mann with his family removed to Durand. Here he lived for a quarter of a century the sturdy life of an early settler, with his son Obadiah, Junior, clearing and adding many acres until his death, in the year Randolph began its history.

In accordance with the custom of the times, Mr. Mann was buried on his home farm in an unmarked grave. Years went by and the grave, the name and the fame of the old Revolutionary soldier were almost forgotten.

Thirty years ago Mrs. Louisa Stevens, Obadiah Mann's granddaughter, and Horace Mann, his great

great grandson, came to Randolph to rescue their ancestor's remains and memory from oblivion. Guided by a tradition that the old soldier was buried in the corner of a field, on his farm, Mr. John Buzzell searched along the walls on Mr. Lowe's farm and found the grave. The remains were removed to the cemetery where a handsome memorial stone was erected over the new grave.

SOLDIER PATRIOT

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN OBADIAH MANN.

BORN IN 1743, DIED IN RANDOLPH IN 1824.

A FAITHFUL SOLDIER AND A BRAVE OFFICER.

HE WAS A MINUTE MAN AT LEXINGTON.

HE AFTERWARDS SERVED HIS COUNTRY THREE YEARS IN
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, GALLANTLY LEADING HIS MEN
AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL AND OTHER IMPORTANT
ENGAGEMENTS.

*“How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blest.”*

*“While spring with merry fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mold.”*

Obadiah Mann, Junior, continued to reside on the home farm for thirty-four years after his father's death, a man much esteemed and often a town officer. The original farm buildings were destroyed by fire.

The buildings were never replaced. Their sites

may be easily found on the right side of the road nearly opposite Miss Ingham's cottage. Subsequent owners of the Mann farm have been A. G. Messenger, William Watson and T. S. Lowe. Mr. Lowe erected new buildings on both sides of the road a short distance to the west of the original site.

As we go down the valley we shall find traces of home sites—the original owners or tenants of which are now entirely unknown. It is probable that here were the abodes of some of the first settlers, the scenes of the first struggles with the primeval wilderness.

Mrs. Sargent's farm was originally known as "Lot 9." The lot was reclaimed by a Mr. Noble. Later J. W. Watson built here a substantial block house and made it his home for almost twenty years. The block house is still standing metamorphosed into Mr. Cutter's pretty "Echo Cabin." The next owner of the clearing was Mr. Watson's son-in-law Henry Rich who built the house that is now Mrs. Sargent's summer home.

Another occupant of the block house was James Gorman until he built a frame house for himself just across the road—the house that Mr. Cutter converted into his summer cottage. John P. Weeks lived in the house many years and then sold the farm to Mr. Cutter.

On the farms that are now owned by Mr. Louis F. Cutter and Mr. L. M. Watson, from about 1790 on-

ward, stood three log cabins, the homes of three brothers, Joseph, John and Rufus Morse. The Morse brothers who came to Durand from Otisfield, Maine, were very capable and enterprising men. Their farms were the centre of many activities. Joseph Morse was one of the committee to incorporate the town, and with one other was authorized to call the first town meeting which was held at his cabin. He was then elected a member of the first board of selectmen.

Another member of that first board was John Morse who, from a very young man until more than ninety years of age, was one of the most respected and beloved citizens this community ever honored. His life was a picturesque and heroic one and will find a large place in the chapter which relates the history of the Randolph church.

On Colbrook, not far from the falls, was a mill for sawing logs and grinding grain which was owned and operated many years by John Morse.

As we drive down the tree bowered road below Mr. Cutter's cottages we shall see in the level fields beyond the river a neat set of modern buildings, too new and too young to have a history. Erected by William Howker they are now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Laban M. Watson, long the loved host and hostess of the Ravine House.

FARTHER ALONG THE ROAD

Farther Along the Road

WHERE now, along the banks of the Moose River bloom the flower beds of the Ravine House an unknown settler began to cut and burn the great trees in 1810. Six years later Alaska Jackson, after a vain attempt to gain a foothold in the wilderness on Randolph Hill, came down into the valley and in this half made clearing, "rolled up" a log house and barn. "Lasker" Jackson must have been a restless wanderer. His name appears in the early annals of Berlin and on the church records of Shelburne. He certainly saw much of the seamy side of life. His wife was violently insane and was kept confined in a wooden cage built into the cabin. Stephen P. Watson, of Waterford, Maine, bought from Jackson the little clearing, the log house and the many unreclaimed acres of the great farm up and down the Moose. With the coming of Stephen Watson begins the story of the Watson farm and the Ravine House.

Eliot Brook preserves the name of a settler who made a clearing here before 1800. William Watson erected a house in the clearing. Jerome Leavitt succeeded to the ownership and built, for those times, a very modern mill on the river. A. G. Mes-

senger was the next owner. He brought to the help of the river a steam engine, the first one in all the region. Mr. Messenger's fine mill burned long ago and his enterprises are quite forgotten. But the name of A. G. Messenger is likely to be remembered in Randolph for centuries because of a generous, kindly little act *pro bono publico*. A few rods back of Mr. Messenger's house there gurgled out of the green moss, just as there does today, the icy, crystal water of a splendid spring. When Mr. Messenger was sixty-one years of age, with his own hands he chiseled from a huge block of granite a broad deep trough to receive the delicious water. At Mr. Messenger's bubbling fountain, his imperishable monument, every year thousands, both man and beast, drink of the refreshing water and carry away pleasant reminders of a kindly man.

A few rods to the west of our modern town house, previous to 1870, Mr. Emery Watson, an older brother of the proprietor of the Ravine House lived in a pleasant modern house till it burned—when Mr. Watson removed to Gorham.

On the same side of the road, east of the Town Hall, stands a reminder of earlier educational methods—the little schoolhouse of the East District, the successor of the little red schoolhouse under the hill.

A quarter of a mile below Eliot Brook a larger

stream rushes down its boulder-strewn bed under a fine modern concrete bridge. On the east bank of the brook, in the year 1795, a Mr. Wilcox rolled up a log house and made a considerable clearing about it. In 1826 came Anthony Vincent to destroy the cabin on Wilcox Brook and erect in its place a small frame house. Here Mr. Vincent lived many years, a public spirited citizen, often a selectman or town clerk—sometimes filling both offices the same year.

Alfred Carlton, Fred Messenger, S. M. Brown, Clarence Buzzell, John H. Boothman and the Ravine House Company have been successive owners. The owners have developed the Wilcox clearing on both sides of the Moose River into fine fertile fields.

Meantime the rushing mountain brook could not escape the harness of toil. A factory was built on its bank by Jerome Leavitt, for the manufacture of starch from potatoes. A large building for a dry house was erected where now stands the Mary Jane Tea House. The soil of the valley, the humus of centuries of fallen leaves, rich in potash, was well adapted for bumper crops of potatoes. A variety of tuber, huge in size, coarse in fibre but rich in starch and enormously productive, was planted everywhere to be marketed at the starch factory. An era of ready money and prosperity seemed to be dawning upon Randolph. Presently a second factory was built on the Eliot Farm. There was not room for

two such enterprises and both failed. The newer factory was burned; the dry house on Wilcox Brook journeyed up over the winter snow to the Ravine House to become Durand Hall. The old mill with its huge over-shot water wheel, its long wooden sluice, its dam of logs, its sheet of clear brown water splashing down over moss-covered boulders, stood for years silent and unused. Then the rambling old structure became the abode of summer life. Lawns and flower beds and shrubbery subordinated themselves to Nature's plan to make Wilcox Brook and Mossy Glen a place of picturesque beauty.

Ninety eight years ago (so early did our fathers take thought to honor their dead), the town appointed John Bowman, Caleb Cushman and Silas Bumpus, a committee to select a suitable place for a cemetery. Wisely and in good taste they selected a beautiful spot for God's Acre. The settlers of Durand had buried their dead in some secluded spot on the home farm. In 1880 an effort was begun to re-bury the scattered dead in the cemetery, which has always been an object of loving care. As one walks over the greensward among the well-kept burial lots the monuments and modest memorial stones tell the story of quiet contentment and remarkable longevity.

Beyond the cemetery is another of the very early and historic farms of the town, the present summer

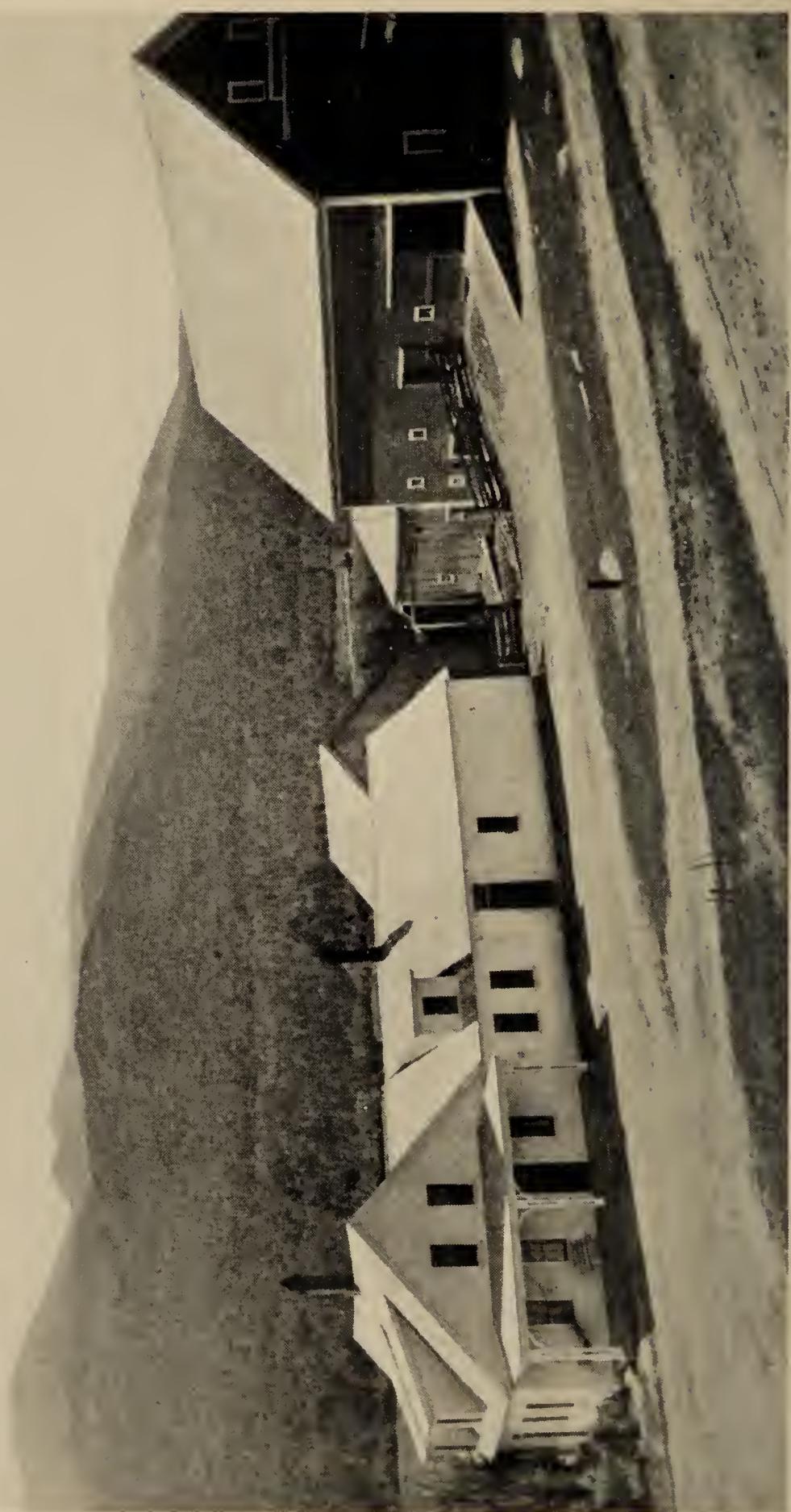
residence of Mr. Harry T. Burbank. Here Joseph Wilder, one of the first settlers in Durand, cut the great trees of the primeval forest in 1794. Departing from the practice of early settlers, Wilder erected a two-story gabled frame house, the first in all the region. But he did not long enjoy his commodious home. He became involved in debts he could not pay. Refusing to take the poor debtor's oath, in accordance with the custom of the time, he was put in jail and condemned to a life of idleness. In the last years of his imprisonment as a "trusty" he was permitted to roam about a circuit of a mile from the jail.

Meantime the neglected farm came into the hands of James Gray who divided it into two portions and sold the easterly half to Asa Stevens. Later owners of one or both the portions were Mr. Poole, Mr. Lisher, Mr. John Bowman and Mr. James Doughty. Mr. C. Poole swung out before the house an attractive sign and for years made travelers comfortable at the Mt. Washington Hotel. Here later lived John Buzzell and reared a family of four sons and a daughter. Mention is made that the congregation appointed him to read a sermon in the absence of the pastor. After a brief ownership by C. A. Chandler and a Mr. Stanwood the Buzzell farm was purchased by Mr. Albion Burbank of the summer colony. When the ancient rambling buildings burned Mr. Burbank erected on their site a tasteful summer cottage.

At the juncture of the main road with the Pinkham Notch Road is "Broadacres," another of the historic home sites of Randolph. We have first knowledge of it through James Doughty who came down from the Wilder farm above, built a little log cabin and began clearing away the forest about it. But he soon gave place to James Gray. Gray was one of the stalwarts of early Randolph, standing shoulder to shoulder with Obadiah Mann, the Morse brothers, Robert Leighton and Anthony Vincent in every move for better things in church and town. Mr. Gray quickly demolished Doughty's log hovel and erected the frame house that is still standing, though greatly altered—the abode of the post office of today. The house has been the scene of many meetings of importance to the town. Here was held the Ecclesiastical Council that ordained to the ministry the miller, the eloquent lay preacher Elder John Morse in 1833. In the winter of 1883 here assembled the people to organize the Union Congregational Church.

In December, 1795, in the city of Carlisle in northern England, was born Robert Wood. He learned the trade of a harness maker and in the prime of his manhood immigrated to Newport, Rhode Island. Thence he removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

In 1852, Mr. Wood, in company with his son George, made a journey to Portland by water, from



"BROADACRES"

Post office and home of F. C. Wood

Portland to Bethel by the newly built Grand Trunk Railway, thence to Randolph by stage. Here he bought the Gray farm of the then owner, Samuel Evans, son-in-law of Gray.

Robert Wood, with his son George, tilled the level lands along the Moose to great productiveness and developed one of the best dairying farms in all the region. He died in 1870 at the age of seventy-five years.

The blood of his Cumberland ancestry was ever manifest in George Wood's sturdy frame, rich sonorous voice and felicitous language. He was constantly a town official and for years president of the Trustees of the Union Church. The large family of sons and daughters which George Wood and Hannah Boothman reared, educated, and sent into the world has been a great blessing to Randolph—and also to towns and cities far away.

George Wood's eldest son Francis succeeded to the ownership and management of "Broadacres." Mr. Wood has been honored by, and honored every office in the gift of the town. He has been chairman of the Selectmen for twenty-eight years and Postmaster twenty-six years. Randolph has never boasted a lawyer nor doctor, and a minister only intermittently. Lightly it has borne its deprivations for Justice Wood has married the lovers, interpreted the law, and kept the peace.

Tradition avers that Silas Bumpus, probably after he had sold his earlier claims miles up the trail to the patriarch, Levi Lowe, felled the first tree on the lot near Randolph station. He erected buildings and lived there long enough to give his name to the beautiful brook by his door, and then sold his partial conquest to Clark Fellows.

In 1830 Jonas Green, a resident of Shelburne, cleared a large area on the northern slopes of Mount Madison beyond Bumpus Brook, for summer pasturage in connection with his farm in Shelburne. Later small farm buildings were built and the pasture lands developed into a good farm. After brief occupation by Stephen Gray and John Parker, William Howker bought and built large and commodious buildings. It was doubtless Mr. Howker's intention to develop his farm into a summer hotel. He appropriately named the place, so close under the shadow of the great mountain, the Mount Madison House. In his later years Mr. Howker removed to Gorham. The Mount Madison farm came into the possession of Mr. Clarence E. Buzzell. "Howker's Ridge" and the bristling "Howks" perpetuate the name of William Howker.

Between Bumpus Brook and the Howker farm, Walter Simonds, the hunter and trapper, has built a picturesque log cabin like those of olden times, and his son-in-law, George McDonald, a veteran of the

Great War, has built a tasteful modern cottage, largely with his own skilful hands.

Returning to the main road at the post office, a walk of half a mile up "Hodgdon's Hill" brings us to "Scates Corner." This spot, with the imposing vision of Madison and Adams looming above the forests almost on the boundary between Shelburne Addition and Durand, made early appeal to the pioneers of the new township.

Titus O. Browne was an energetic citizen of Lancaster. He desired an opening for his equally enterprising son Titus O., Junior, and purchased this lot. Here a hundred and thirty years ago the younger Browne built a house of squared logs known as a "block house," substantial enough to do service until 1860. In this house Titus O. Browne, Jr. lived a long life of great activity. He was the third member of the committee of incorporation of Randolph. There have been many owners of the goodly farm since Browne's day: Rev. Ebenezer Evans, William Boswell, Timothy, Robert and George Hodgdon, Ithiel Scates, Frank Scates, and the Ravine House Company.

By the time Robert B. Hodgdon had come into possession of the block house, the trail along the valley and over the hill had become quite a thoroughfare. A mail stage went through twice a week each way. A post office was established. At the big

block house on the corner known as "Hodgdon's Tavern," mine host, Robert Hodgdon, dispensed hospitality and cheer for thirty years, as John and Hiram Bowman had done at the other end of the town. For almost half a century the now quiet Scates Corner was a busy centre with the "mail" arriving four times a week, perhaps changing horses and departing from the door of the log tavern, the people coming for their occasional letter and weekly paper, the travelers mounting their horses before the cabin door and riding away with an abiding memory of the stern sentinels, Madison and Adams, towering across the valley.

Here on the Hodgdon farm, also to some extent on other farms of the township, was manufactured potash or "salts." The great trees of the farm, then only an encumbrance, were felled, cut into lengths of eight or ten feet, piled and burned. Vertical containers made from hollow logs holding ten bushels or more were erected above a long log trough. The ashes of the consumed trees were shoveled into the containers and water added. The water seeping through the ashes leeched them and the "lye" dripped into the trough. Over outdoor fires the lye was boiled away to a thick black liquid called "salts," worth five dollars per hundred weight. As the salts were crude and awkward for transportation to distant markets, they were further reduced to a solid "pot-

ash." Portions of the potash were redissolved and again reduced by boiling. The solid residue was baked in brick ovens to a clean white powder "pearlash," which was used like a baking powder in modern cookery. Thus the primeval forests in the concentrated forms of "salts," "potash" and "pearlash" went to Portland and Portsmouth and sent back to Durand and Randolph money and needed commodities.

In 1860 George R. Hodgdon replaced the old log tavern with the present buildings.

Beyond the Union Church, almost down to the town line, in the year 1800, Henry Goodenough rolled up a log house and barn. Next in ownership was Abraham Wilson followed by Jonathan Goodwin, the son-in-law of the original owner. Through some flaw in title Obadiah Mann became the next owner but presently sold to Timothy Hodgdon at the Corner. Mr. Hodgdon removed the ruinous log cabin and built a large frame house, which a few years later was remodeled and enlarged. To this house John B. Kelsey welcomed the first summer boarders that came to Randolph. Of that pleasant house on the eastern brow of Hodgdon's Hill, where gathered our first summer people to enjoy the matchless view down the Androscoggin valley, across to Pine Mountain and Carter Notch, not a trace remains save the fragrant descendants of the balsam poplars that once shaded the house.

Returning to "Hodgdon's" or "Scates" Corner we continue our journey of reminiscence up Randolph Hill. The lots on the right of the highway were early claimed but slowly cleared and had many successive owners. John Wilson made a beginning here about 1800, rolled up a log cabin and built a frame barn. Close by, his son Samuel had a log cabin. Both cabins went to decay early, and much of the land went into the possession of Titus O. Browne. Some portions of the lots were owned successively by Evans Wilson, Robert Ingalls, John Parker, Henry Evans and J. R. Hitchcock. The last named was proprietor of the Alpine House in Gorham. Mr. Hitchcock obtained from the lots fuel and hay for his hotel and had a large storage barn nearly opposite the Hodgdon Tavern.

At a much later date, Rufus or Robert Hodgdon built on the left above the Tavern the frame house now known as the "Hermitage," owned by Miss Anne Hincks. Here have lived several Hodgdon's and a family of Williamsons. Here, too, in the nineties lived all alone Hector McNeil, a picturesque old man with long white hair and beard. After the "hermit's" death the place was purchased by Professor Stearns. His architectural taste and skilful hands converted the old house into the "Hermitage."

On the lots that now constitute the fine farm of the Mountain View House, sometime in the decade

1790-1800, Amos Peabody cleared away the forest, rolled up a log cabin and began a frame barn which the winter winds of Durand soon swept away. A few years later Nat Ordway was in possession of the clearing.

Mr. Ordway's nearest neighbor was the sailor Parson Ebenezer Evans. Mr. Evans brought home to Durand his shipmate, James Gordon, who had fought at his side in the battle that cost the Evans boy an arm. The sailor met, loved and married Mehitable Ordway in whose veins ran the blood of the Willeys of the Notch disaster. The marriage was a happy one, shadowed only by the absence of the sailor on long voyages. At every home coming for years James Gordon found a new occupant of the cradle waiting to be named. The family Bible testifies to the faithfulness and taste of the parents in that duty, John, Alonzo Gibson, Llewellyn, Joseph, Lum Delano, Landillo, Ormando, and Cora Ellen.

In 1850 the Gordon family moved to Gorham Hill and Benjamin Kelsey purchased the farm. With the coming of Mr. Kelsey begins the story of Kelsey Cottage and the Mountain View House which is told in the chapter on the Randolph hotels.

A few rods up the road where now are the hotel's big wood piles, once stood the block house and frame barn built and occupied for many years by the Reverend Ebenezer Evans, the sailor veteran of the

War of 1812, the militant minister, stern in his orthodoxy, kindly in his heart. He was absent from the town some years filling pastorates in several churches. In his last years he lived with his brother-in-law, Ithiel Scates, at the Corner.

The summer cottage of Dr. Hatch stands on the "Scates Place" another of the old farms of the town. Robert Leighton in 1806 made the usual settler's beginning here. Hiram Wilson also built a log cabin and barn on the same lot, and some years later erected the "Scates House" which resisted the winds of the Hill till quite recent years.

In the long low black house whose front door commanded a magnificent view, lived "Uncle" James C. Scates, beloved of the whole town, for thirty years the superintendent and very soul of the Sunday School. Here, too, lived James C. Scates, Jr., Ithiel and Frank Scates. Ithiel Scates when a young man married a daughter of Landlord Hodgdon and lived his long life at his wife's girlhood home at the Corner. There "Deacon" Scates was ever a pillar of the Union Church and constantly a trusted town official. The younger brother, Frank, the last at the old Scates Place also moved down to the Corner after Ithiel's death.

At a point near the brow of the Hill in front of Professor Crosby's cottage about the year 1815, a man by the name of Bass built a poor shack of logs

and tried to make a home. It was all in vain that the forest opening revealed one of the grandest mountain panoramas in the township for discouragement grew into despair and in the spring of 1820 Bass committed suicide. With much difficulty and expense the neighbors summoned a coroner from far away Conway. The official after due deliberation rendered the sage verdict: "the man who makes away with himself after getting comfortably through a hard winter is a fool."

In the pasture lands of Professor Crosby's farm, Caleb Cushman made a settler's beginning which he sold to Robert Leighton. But the Leightons, father and son, finding the land too low and "frosty" for their crops moved to higher ground on the highway and erected buildings. Professor Crosby's fine, slightly old farmhouse, where Robert L. Leighton began in 1806, has been the homestead of four generations of Leightons, Robert, John, Joel and Joel's daughter, Mrs. Arthur Hunt.

At a point nearly opposite the summer home of Dr. McGee, "Cushman's Road" once ran straight down over the hill joining the valley road a few rods east of the present post office. It proved to be too steep and too difficult of maintenance, fell into disuse, and reverted to the adjacent landowners.

The farm, now owned by Dr. McGee, of Berlin, was once known as the "Lowe Place" because it was

the home of Mr. Charles E. Lowe, for many years one of the leading men in the community. It was also another Leighton homestead for many years.

At the very beginning of the nineteenth century Samuel Emery came to Durand, chose this lot, cleared a portion and rolled up his cabin and barn. The next owner was Isaac Carter. From Carter, Robert Leighton purchased the entire lot and established his son Robert, 2d, on the easterly portion. Robert, 2d, built a log house and barn and lived a long and useful life. At his death the farm went to his son, Robert I., who was always designated as Ingalls Leighton. Ingalls Leighton erected the buildings that are now Dr. McGee's summer home.

In 1878 Ingalls Leighton entered upon the great task of building the Randolph Hill House now the Mount Crescent House. He later made for himself a new home at the east of his hotel which has ever since been known as the Ingalls Leighton farm.

On a pleasant site a little to the west of Dr. McGee's Leighton homestead, Jesse Bumpus, a rolling stone from the valley, made a settler's home of logs. Jacob Morse, after several years of most primitive struggle with Nature in a clearing at the base of Randolph Mountain, bought of Bumpus his cabin and claim and there lived for many years. Jacob Morse was a brother of Joseph and Elder John Morse, the sturdy pioneers of the valley. On the Hill he

reared a great family of fine sons and daughters worthy of that goodly name.

There is much to tell of the Boothman farm whereon now stands the Mount Crescent House. When Samuel Emery began the making of the Leighton-Lowe farm in 1800, Mark Pitman was clearing the forest for the smooth lawns of the Crescent House of a hundred and twenty-four years later. In the log cabin which Pitman built the unfortunate Alaska Jackson lived until it burned down over his head. "Lasker" then went down into the valley and built a new cabin on the site of the future Ravine House. Silas Bumpus could never be far separated from Jesse. When Jesse settled on the farm to the east, Silas bought and built on the ashes of "Lasker's" home. Later owners were Spofford Stevens and Thomas Boothman. The coming of Thomas Boothman from Newburyport, Mass., was of much importance to the future of Randolph. As instinctively as the descendants of Tubal Cain wrought in metals, the Boothmans have wielded hammer and square. Thomas Boothman and his sons built fine commodious buildings for those times. The dwelling house after two removals and extensive alterations is now the summer cottage of Mrs. Cohen. John Boothman married Sarah Kelsey and helped to develop Benjamin Kelsey's small farm house into Kelsey Cottage. John H.

Boothman, the son of John and Sarah Kelsey, one of the town fathers of today, has designed and built most of Randolph's summer cottages. The history of the Mount Crescent House has its rightful place in another chapter.

In the open field beyond the "End of the Road" are traces of more than one early dwelling. The first house here was erected by William Felker in 1816 in which he lived for a few years the life of a discouraged settler. Other pioneers of that immediate neighborhood were Darius Green, Jacob Stevens, James Warburton, William Warburton, William Frank, and Richard Ayres.

The early history of Mr. Ernest Jackson's "High-acres" is somewhat obscure. A settler, perhaps a squatter, of whom nothing is now known except that his name was Garmands, opened a first clearing. About 1820 that clearing came into the possession of Joshua Holmes, where he made a comfortable home. Twenty-five years later the farm was bought by Abel Jackson, a cultured and well-to-do Englishman. Mr. Jackson made extensive improvements in buildings and lands. The successor of Mr. Jackson's barn not many years ago made the journey down to the valley and is now the barn and garage of the Ravine House.

The late Joel Leighton, who lived to a ripe age on the Hill, used to recall that as a boy he once worked

for Mr. Jackson. One day the polished Englishman took the lad into the house and showed him something never before seen in Randolph—a small cabinet organ. Mr. Jackson sat down at the instrument and played and sang “Annie Laurie” to the boy’s astonished delight. As the wages of four days’ labor, Mr. Jackson gave Joel a small fowling piece which is still in the possession of the Leighton family.

After Abel Jackson’s day the farm had several owners, C. C. Leighton, R. Ingalls Leighton, Laban M. Watson, Charles E. Lowe, and probably others until it came to Mr. Ernest Jackson of Brooklyn, whose wealth and taste have converted it into the beautiful estate of “Highacres.”

Beyond Highacres an ancient overgrown road leads westward to the cellars of two homes of long ago. In one once lived the Rand family, in the other people by the name of Heeps.

DURAND BECOMES RANDOLPH

Durand Becomes Randolph

IN 1788, New Hampshire, after four months of special deliberation, adopted the Constitution of the United States and became the ninth state in the Union. Four years before, in spite of stormy opposition, she had adopted a state constitution that was full of defects. These were gradually eliminated by far reaching amendments. Early in the nineteenth century wise legislation had made it desirable that the communities living on grants and townships in the northern part of the state should be incorporated into towns and become a part of an excellent central state government. This step several of Durand's neighbors had already taken, as Lancaster and Jefferson. Durand showed a spirit of progressiveness in incorporating in 1824, antedating Berlin, five years, Gorham, twelve years, and even long settled Shelburne, fifteen years.

From 1794, for thirty years, John Randolph of Roanoke was a much admired American statesman. New York and every New England state has a town named in honor of the great Virginia orator. In 1824 it was but following a widespread hero worship that the people of Durand chose Randolph as the name of their town.

In response to the application of the dwellers in Durand the following bill was enacted and approved in June 1824:

L.S. STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four. An Act to incorporate a town by the name of Randolph.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened that the tract of land granted and known by the name of Durand, situated in the County of Coös, shall hereafter be called and known by the name of Randolph, and shall be a town by that name.

SECTION 2. And be it further enacted that the inhabitants of said township be, and they hereby are, made a body, corporate and politic, with all and the same rights, powers, privileges, immunities and liabilities of similar corporations in this state, and that said town of Randolph shall remain classed as at the present time, electing a Representative until otherwise ordered by the Legislature.

SECTION 3. And be it further enacted that for the purpose of duly organizing said town, a meeting of the inhabitants thereof legally qualified to vote in town affairs shall be holden in said town on the first Tuesday of September next—at which meeting, selectmen and other necessary officers may be elected

and continue in office until others are chosen agreeably to the standing laws of the state, and that Joseph Morse, Levi Lowe and Titus O. Brown, Jr., or any two of them, be authorized to call the first meeting of said inhabitants by giving such notice as is required for annual town meetings.

In the House of Representatives, June 12, 1824, the foregoing bill, having had three several readings, passed to be enacted, sent up for concurrence.

ANDREW PIERCE, *Speaker.*

In the Senate, June 15, 1824, the foregoing bill was read a third time and passed to be enacted.

JOSEPH BARTLETT, *President.*

Approved June 16, 1824,
DANIEL LAWRENCE MORRILL,
Secretary's Office, Concord,
June 16, 1824.

Under the legal authority of this bill of incorporation passed by the New Hampshire Legislature, June 15, 1824, the appointed committee with Silas Bumpus as town clerk *pro tempore*, called the first town meeting of Randolph, for the first Tuesday in September, at ten o'clock in the morning, at the house of Joseph Morse.

Joseph Morse's house was one of the three log cabins standing near the river between Mr. Cutter's cottages and Coldbrook. It was probably a cabin

with a single apartment, a huge stone fireplace at one end and the few simple furnishings of an early settler's home. There is no record of who or how many were present at that meeting. There were twenty-three legal voters and four other male inhabitants of the town at that time. It is safe to infer that the importance and novelty of the first town meeting gathered into Joseph Morse's kitchen that September morning nearly every man of the new town.

The Inventory Book, our sole source of information, lists only polls and property taxpayers. We shall never know who or where were the mothers and daughters that day. At that meeting, Levi Low, clerk, Clovis Low, John Morse, Joseph Morse, selectmen, were elected the town officials for the first year.

The Inventory Book of 1824 has preserved to us the names and to some extent the worldly wealth of our earliest citizens:

Mine host, John Bowman, at the log tavern, owns a farm of one hundred and ninety-seven acres which is valued at three hundred and fifty dollars, four oxen and three cows, a garden spot of one acre and two acres of mowing land.

Up at "Scates Corner," Titus O. Browne's clearing contains one hundred and ninety-four acres. But he doesn't cultivate any of it and has only one acre

of mowing land. He owns two cows and two horses. But one horse in the winter was sufficient to draw him up over the narrow road to Lancaster to visit his father.

It is hard to keep any definite record of Silas Bumpus's movements. Possibly in 1824 he is living near the present Randolph station. As you would expect he has no horse nor ox nor cow nor cultivated land. He is just land poor with two hundred acres, worth a dollar an acre.

Caleb Cushman on the Hill, living on a part of Professor Crosby's farm, has a pair of oxen and two cows but no cultivated or mowing land. His farm contains a hundred acres valued at a dollar and a half an acre.

James Doughty who lives on a part of Mr. Harry Burbank's farm is poor. He has nothing but fifty-four acres of land. But they are fertile and valued at two dollars an acre. Mr. Doughty's claim to distinction is that his son was the first person buried in the new cemetery.

Stephen Gray has hired the Howker farm and pays no tax but his poll. But in seven years he has a horse, a cow and ten sheep.

Robert Leighton on the Hill has four oxen, three cows, an acre of tillage land and a farm of ninety-nine acres, worth two hundred dollars.

Almon Low has a pair of oxen and a horse but no

cultivated or mowing land. His hundred acres are worth seventy-five cents per acre.

Clovis Low has only one cow and land valued at one hundred and seventy-five dollars. But Clovis is a money-getter and in fifty years he will be a rich man.

The old patriarch, Levi Low who lives on Ernest Farrar's farm and settled there only five years before has a pair of oxen, three cows, and seventy acres, worth one hundred dollars.

Justus Low lives with his father, Levi, on the home farm; has not yet gained much of a foothold in the world; has only a hundred acres of land, valued at one hundred dollars on which to pay taxes. But Justus Low is destined to live on the old homestead fifty-three years, acquire property, the beloved "Uncle Justus" of a long career.

Obadiah Mann, the son of the old Revolutionary soldier, whose lands and fine buildings are on a part of Mr. Thaddeus Lowe's farm, owns a pair of oxen, a cow, and land to the value of seventy-five dollars.

Jacob Morse on the Hill is taxed for one cow and seventy-five acres, valued at one hundred dollars.

John Morse, on Coldbrook, has two cows, an acre of mowing land and a farm, worth two hundred and fifty dollars.

Joseph Morse living in the second of the three river bank cabins, pays only a poll tax.

Rufus Morse, whose home is in the third cabin, has two cows, an acre of mowing land and ninety-nine acres in his farm which is worth one hundred and five dollars.

Nathaniel Ordway owns the nucleus of the future Mountain View Farm, fifty acres that are worth seventy-five dollars and he is taxed for a pair of oxen and a cow also.

Samuel C. Rogers and William Soper each possess a farm of one hundred acres valued at about a dollar an acre.

Anthony Vincent's farm on Wilcox Brook is large, three hundred acres of the value of two hundred dollars. He is one of the very few who own a horse, a pair of oxen and a cow.

Deacon Evans Wilson and Hiram Wilson each have a small but excellent farm situated between Scates Corner and the Mountain View House. Each owns a pair of oxen and two cows.

John Wilson, who lives near Robert Leighton on the Hill, is a small farmer. His farm is valued at only fifty dollars. He pays no poll tax; his property tax is twenty-one cents to which is added a highway tax of seventy-five cents.

John Wilson, Jr., has a little farm of fifty acres, valued at thirty dollars. But his personal property indicates prosperity for he pays taxes on a horse, a pair of oxen and a cow and as a legal voter pays a poll tax.

Isaac C. Felows pays no poll tax, has no personal property, is responsible only for a hundred acres of land, worth one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Although John S. Lucy is not a legal citizen he is a prosperous man, owning a pair of oxen, four cows, has two acres under cultivation, two acres of mowing land on a farm, valued at two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

George Willey, who is said to be related to the Willey's who later lived in Crawford Notch, is evidently just beginning in life and has just a little tract of land, valued at fifty dollars.

William Soper, the last man on the list of Randolph's earliest settlers, owns a tract of one hundred acres, valued at one dollar per acre.

Landlord John Bowman is the heaviest taxpayer this year, his bill amounting to five dollars and thirteen cents exclusive of highway tax which is always large proportionately.

Do these gleanings from the Inventory Book of 1824 seem the "short and simple annals of the poor?" In comparison with the tax lists of today they seem to reveal direst poverty. But poverty is only a relative term. Our forefathers were as comfortable and well to do as their neighbors in similar towns. Very little money was in circulation and little was needed. Resourcefulness both of men and women, the largess of wild nature and a fertile soil sup-

plied all but a few needs. As the years go by personal property increases, more horses are owned and their value is great. "A certain gray colt, said colt four years old last spring" was sold for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The yokes of oxen are more numerous and more cows are recorded. The cows were evidently allowed to roam over a common pasture for the number of acres of taxed pasture increase very slowly.

In 1831, for the first time, sheep were inventoried and taxed. Obadiah Mann had a flock of nineteen and Hiram Wilson, sixteen. Farmers were urged to choose and have registered in the town clerk's books an identifying sheep mark.

"Record of sheep mark:

"This certifies that Mr. Silas Bumpus's sheep mark is a half cross on the under side of the left ear and a notch on the under side of the right ear.

"*JUSTUS LOW, Town Clerk.*"

A few sheep were kept by the settlers of Durand. For more than eighty years the farmers battled to save their sheep from the bears. In the springtime the bears, hungry from their long hibernation, had a special tooth for the tender young lambs. Jacob Morse, who for some years lived a very primitive life in a distant clearing at the foot of Randolph Mountain, in the springtime used to sit up all night

and beat a hollow log with a heavy stick, that its weird booming might scare away the bears from his folded flock.

In the early days of the Ravine House a huge bear broke into the stable, dragged forth a heifer a year old but was probably frightened away, and left its victim crushed and lacerated in a field.

The fleeces of the flocks furnished materials for the knitting needles and looms of the housewives. There is now no loom left in the town. But knitting has never become a lost art to be revived by the needs and whims of the Great War. The mingled fleeces of black sheep and white sheep of the flocks of Broadacres and the Mountain View House provide a gray yarn, dyed by Nature, to keep flashing the shining needles through winter evenings in the older homes of Randolph.

There are those who dimly remember the patches of blue flowered flax in the fields of the Valley and Gorham Hill. In the attics of a few homes are the old flax wheels on which were spun the threads for weaving the beautiful homespun linen table cloths and towels, still cherished by the granddaughters of today.

From the days of Durand on, our ancestors manifested a deep interest in education and schools. It was their boast that no one ever grew up in the community who could not read and write. The earliest

schoolhouse, of which there is any knowledge, was a log cabin built on the "Cushman Road," a few rods above where the latter joined the main road in the valley. Traces of it are still to be found in the hillside pasture opposite the post office. The house was probably built by volunteer labor and the school maintained by the volunteer contributions of the pioneers. The one small room furnished in the rudest and simplest way was warmed by means of a great stone fireplace.

The winter term of the school was taught by a man. A dim memory survives of one noted instructor, "Old Master Grout" who limited the curriculum to the "R's": Readin', Ritin', Rithmetic and Ruler. The short summer term was taught by a woman. There is still preserved a little faded yellow scrap of paper, a "merit" awarded in this long ago school.

"This may certify that John Leighton has conducted with decorum and propriety, while under my tuition and by good application to his studies, appropriate behavior, has merited the love and good will of his instructress,

MARY PORTER.

April 1, 1823.

Promptly after the town's incorporation, the people of Randolph provided for schools. The town

was divided into three school districts: the East, or District No. 1, the West, District No. 2, and the Hill, District No. 3. Each district was a small democracy, held its own school meetings, imposed its own taxes, erected and kept in repair its schoolhouses and employed its teachers.

The following from the history of Shelburne anent the experiences of Robert Ingalls, Shelburne's well known teacher, bears convincing if indirect testimony to the excellence of Randolph's early schools.

“Among his (Robert Ingalls's) scholars was a half-grown boy whose parents had recently moved from Randolph. In those days Randolph was considered far removed from the benefits of civilization and Mr. Ingalls naturally concluded the boy would be behind others of his age. ‘Can you read?’ he inquired, taking up the old Perry's spelling book. ‘I can read my *A B C's*,’ the boy replied, bashfully hanging his head. Slowly slipping his finger along, he read the alphabet correctly. ‘Very well. Now can you say *a b ab?*’ ‘I can try,’ was the modest answer. With the same slow precision the lesson was read, and the next, and the next, and not until Mr. Ingalls found out that, with one exception, the new pupil was the best reader and speller in his school, did he see where the laugh came in.”

For a long period Randolph maintained excellent

schools, kept its schoolhouses in good repair and built new ones when needed.

In the long winter evenings, the people used to find entertainment and profitable general education in the "Lyceums" held in the red schoolhouse in the Valley. The audience listened to recitations, dialogues and songs, contributed by the younger people. Sometimes heated debates were held in which great world questions were settled to the satisfaction of all. Usually a weekly paper was read by the chief editress containing spirited editorials, local news, contributed articles and even original poems. Every member of the Lyceum was pledged not to be aggrieved at personal allusions. The column of "Personalities" abounded in keen, but good-natured, thrusts meant only to produce a happy laugh. The closing number of the evening's program was often a two or three-act play which revealed a surprising histrionic talent in the amateur performers.

Charles E. Lowe's sketch of Randolph history contains this record of the town in the Civil War:

"Randolph furnished its full quota of soldiers or substitutes. Four men went as soldiers for the town. N. F. Lowe enlisted in 1861 and served three years and eight months. He was promoted from a private to first lieutenant. Charles E. Lowe, Ezekiel Shelton and James Howker enlisted in the First Heavy Artillery. Fred Lowe enlisted in the Twelfth Maine; Pembroke Watson in a Massachusetts regiment; and Alden Stillings in the Navy. Clovis Lowe was in the Balloon Corps on the James River and with the Army of the Potomac. His son, T. S. C. Lowe had charge of all the balloons in the army."

THE TOWN OFFICIALS OF
THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

The Town Officials of the First Fifty Years

1824 Levi Low, *Clerk*; Clovis Low, John Morse,
Joseph Morse, *Selectmen*.

1825 Silas Bumpus, *Clerk*; Hiram Bowman, Caleb
Cushman, John Bowman, *Selectmen*.

1826 Obadiah Mann, *Clerk*; John Morse, Titus O.
Browne, Obadiah Mann, *Selectmen*; John
Bowman, *Treasurer*.

1827 Justus Low, *Clerk*; Titus O. Browne, Jr.,
Hiram Bowman, Silas Bumpus, *Selectmen*;
John Bowman, *Treasurer*.

1828 Justus Low, *Clerk*; John Morse, Anthony Vin-
cent, Obadiah Mann, *Selectmen*; John Bow-
man, *Treasurer*.

1829 Justus Low, *Clerk*; Anthony Vincent, John
Morse, Justus Low, *Selectmen*.

1830 Justus Low, *Clerk*; Anthony Vincent, John
Morse, James Gray, *Selectmen*; Justus Low,
Treasurer.

1831 Justus Low, *Clerk*; John Morse, James Gray,
Evans Wilson, *Selectmen*; Justus Low,
Treasurer; Clovis Low, *Representative*.

1832 Anthony Vincent, *Clerk*; Joseph Holmes, John
C. Holmes, John Kimball, *Selectmen*.

1833 Anthony Vincent, *Clerk*; Anthony Vincent, Joshua Holmes, Silas Bumpus, *Selectmen*.

1834 Anthony Vincent, *Clerk*; Anthony Vincent, John Bowman, John C. Leighton, *Selectmen*.

1835 John C. Holmes, *Clerk*; Justus Low, John C. Holmes, James Gray, *Selectmen*; John Morse *Treasurer*.

1836 John C. Holmes, *Clerk*; John C. Holmes, John C. Leighton, Caleb Cushman, *Selectmen*.

1837 John C. Holmes, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, Justus Low, John C. Holmes, *Selectmen*; Jacob Stevens, *Treasurer*.

1838 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, Daniel D. Mann, John W. Watson, *Selectmen*; Jacob Stevens, *Treasurer*.

1839 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, John C. Leighton, John W. Watson, *Selectmen*.

1840 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, William Boswell, Joseph Holmes, *Selectmen*.

1841 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, William Boswell, Jacob Stevens, *Selectmen*.

1842 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, Daniel D. Mann, James C. Scates, *Selectmen*; Justus Low, *Representative*.

1843 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, James C. Scates, R. P. Hodgdon, *Selectmen*.

1844 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, James C. Scates, James Gordon, *Selectmen*.

1845 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, Robert B. Hodgdon, Daniel D. Mann, *Selectmen*.

1846 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, Daniel D. Mann, Calvin P. Stevens, *Selectmen*.

1847 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Calvin P. Stevens, William Gray, Alfred Carleton, *Selectmen*.

1848 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, John C. Leighton, Alfred Carleton, *Selectmen*.

1849 Rufus Hodgdon, *Clerk*; Justus Low, William Gray, James C. Scates, *Selectmen*; Robert P. Hodgdon, *Representative*.

1850 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, James C. Scates, A. F. Hodgdon, *Selectmen*.

1851 John C. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, James C. Scates, G. R. Hodgdon, *Selectmen*.

1852 G. R. Hodgdon, *Clerk*; G. R. Hodgdon, Ithiel Scates, John W. Watson, *Selectmen*; James C. Scates, *Representative*.

1853 G. R. Hodgdon, *Clerk*; Justus Low, John C. Leighton, Alfred Carleton, *Selectmen*.

1854 G. R. Hodgdon, *Clerk*; J. C. Leighton, Justus Low, Alfred Carleton, *Selectmen*.

1855 G. R. Hodgdon, *Clerk*; J. C. Leighton, Alfred Carleton, Justus Low, *Selectmen*.

1856 G. R. Hodgdon, *Clerk*; Justus Low, J. C. Leighton, John W. Watson, *Selectmen*.

1857 G. R. Hodgdon, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, George Wood, Joseph S. Scates, *Selectmen*.

1858 George Wood, *Clerk*; George Wood, Joseph S. Scates, G. R. Hodgdon, *Selectmen*, G. R. Hodgdon, *Representative*.

1859 George Wood, *Clerk*; George Wood, Joseph S. Scates, Justus Low, *Selectmen*.

1860 George Wood, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, G. R. Hodgdon, Anson Stillings, *Selectmen*.

1861 Joel E. Leighton, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, Justus Low, G. R. Hodgdon, *Selectmen*.

1862 Joel E. Leighton, *Clerk*; Justus Low, George Wood, James C. Scates, Jr., *Selectmen*; John C. Leighton, *Representative*.

1863 George Wood, *Clerk*; George R. Hodgdon, Joel E. Leighton, George Wood, *Selectmen*.

1864 A. G. Messenger, *Clerk*; G. R. Hodgdon, Joel E. Leighton, Justus Low, *Selectmen*.

1865 A. G. Messenger, *Clerk*; John D. Carleton, Joel E. Leighton, Joseph S. Scates, *Selectmen*.

1866 Joel E. Leighton, *Clerk*; George Wood, Ithiel Scates, Justus Low, *Selectmen*; Robert I. Leighton, *Representative*.

1867 Joel E. Leighton, *Clerk*; George Wood, Ithiel Scates, Justus Low, *Selectmen*.

1868 George Wood, *Clerk*; George Wood, Joel E. Leighton, Ithiel Scates, *Selectmen*.

1869 Joel E. Leighton, *Clerk*; Joel E. Leighton, Henry Rich, Hubbard Hunt, *Selectmen*.

1870 George Wood, *Clerk*; Joel E. Leighton, Robert I. Leighton, Emery M. Watson, *Selectmen*; Joel E. Leighton, *Representative*.

1871 George Wood, *Clerk*; George Wood, Hubbard Hunt, Ithiel Scates, *Selectmen*.

1872 George Wood, *Clerk*; John C. Leighton, Ithiel Scates, Hubbard Hunt, *Selectmen*.

1873 George Wood, *Clerk*; George Wood, Ithiel Scates, L. M. Watson, *Selectmen*.

THE SECOND HALF CENTURY

The Second Half Century

1874—1924

RANDOLPH moved on with slowly waxing prosperity through its first half century from log cabins and block houses to modern houses and roomy barns, to large mowing fields, fenced pastures and many acres of potatoes, wheat, oats, flax, and garden vegetables. The citizens performed their small municipal duties with the same punctilious care for law and economy as in larger towns.

In 1824 there were twenty-seven citizens, in 1874 the number had increased to forty-five. Some new family names appeared; deaths and removals had effaced others. "Uncle Justus" and Clovis Lowe were still active participants in all town interests, the one living until 1877, the other until 1882. Elder John Morse's name no longer appeared on the records. For he had removed to Jefferson, where he preached and toiled for thirteen years more.

These citizens began the history of the second half century: Robert Blair, Lorenzo Gray, Ithiel Morse, John W. Watson, Joseph L. Kelsey, John Rolfe, Justus Lowe, Albion Hunt, James Rines, Martin V. B. Watson, Hubbard Hunt, C. E. Lowe, Henry H. Rich, Vrannah M. Rich, James Howker, Robert Holmes, Laban M. Watson, Abel N. Wat-

son, Perly N. Watson, Jerome D. Watson, Albert G. Mesanger, Benjamin F. Bailey, Cyrus C. Leighton, Benjamin Merrill, John W. Buzzell, George Wood, William B. Bowker, Charles E. Allen, Ithiel Scates, Edwin Estes, John B. Kelsey, George F. Scates, James C. Scates, Carrie F. Scates, Joel E. Leighton, John C. Leighton, Robert I. Leighton, John Boothman, Joseph W. Frank, Ephraim Dolloff, Eben Evans, James Williamson, Benjamin Kelsey, Frank Messenger, Fred Messenger and James Howker.

The interests of the town in this half century have been principally two, the cutting off and marketing of the splendid forests, and the entertainment of summer guests. The summer people have brought to the town, enjoyment, social uplift, and prosperity.

The water power afforded by our swift streams was early utilized. Several mills were erected for converting the forests into building lumber. The earliest mill in Randolph was on Coldbrook below the fall. Others were built and operated at different times: one on Israel's River near the Jefferson line, in later years known as Blair's Mill; another on the same stream at Bowman; one on the Moose near Charles Hunt's home, which was the scene of a terrible boiler explosion; another on the Moose near the cottage of Mr. Augustus Simonds; a second on Coldbrook about a mile from the highway, known as "Thompson's Mill." The earlier mills were

operated by water power alone. Later, supplementary power was obtained from steam boilers. Many portable steam saw mills were operated in different parts of the forests of the town. A number of the mills were destroyed by fire.

On the shores of the Pond of Safety, in the winters of the '80's, around a great steam saw mill that employed a hundred men, hummed a village of shacks, stables, and a boarding-house. The manufactured lumber was drawn out to Bennett's Landing in Jefferson for railway shipment. In a few winters the beautiful forest region about the Pond of Safety was converted into a desert of brooding silence. Such mushroom villages sprang up winter after winter on the slopes and in the ravines of Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, marking the slow march of ruin and destruction down the beautiful Randolph valley.

The winter was the season of business activity and social enjoyment fifty years ago as is the summer of today. The coming of snow and intense cold were hailed joyously; for they awakened into activity all the lumbering interests. Snow roads were broken into the forests. The lumber camps were opened and stocked with enormous stores of food for men and animals. The important officials, the cook and cookee, were established between the big stove and the flour barrels in the main cabin. Choppers, teamsters, loaders, and mill hands arrived

with horses, oxen, sleds, and all the tools of a hard and dangerous employment. The slab village around the mill in the midst of the slash of the falling forest became very animated. One winter the Gorham *Mountaineer* advertised a well-stocked men's furnishing store in King's Ravine.

The timber and sawed lumber for many seasons were drawn from the woods by teams of horses and oxen, thence over the highway to Bennett's Landing in Jefferson, or over Gorham Hill to the Grand Trunk in Gorham Upper Village. It was hard, perilous work. Falling trees, rolling logs, steep icy descents were a constant menace. The lives of some men and many animals were sacrificed. Often the bread winner of a large family was laid up with broken bones. Great was the distress of a dependent wife and children. Then were the kindness and neighborly spirit of the Randolph people shown in a most practical manner. The Randolph church, aided by the generosity of the summer worshipers, maintained by annual contributions an Emergency Fund. The fine self-reliant spirit of our people was constantly manifested by their reluctance to avail themselves of that fund, except under dire necessity. A residue of the Emergency Fund still lies at interest, awaiting the opportunity that may come, even in these happier and more prosperous days.

But there were sunny gleams in the dull grind of

the hard winters,—dances and merrymakings in the big boarding-house at Blair's Mill, Christmas trees and parties in Durand Hall at the Ravine House, and lyceums at the red schoolhouse.

The great need of Randolph was a railroad. Long was it hoped for, long delayed. In 1850 the Grand Trunk Railway came to Gorham, which for two years was its terminus. Surveys were made for the road's extension northward. A route was located up through Randolph valley on the north side of the highway into the valley of the Connecticut. Great were the disappointment and disaster to Randolph, when a line through Berlin to Groveton was finally adopted.

The nearest railroad on the west was the Boston, Concord and Montreal at Whitefield. The Brown Lumber Company of Whitefield, in order to transport the lumber from the great tracts they possessed in Jefferson and the mountains of Randolph, laid a well ballasted road eastward as far as Jefferson Meadows. As the timber was cut from successive tracts, the railroad was extended eastward to Bennett's Landing and Boy Mountain. For some years the lumber company in a spirit of accommodation ran a passenger train to and from Jefferson Meadows to meet the trains at Whitefield. So near and yet so far was the railroad from Randolph! But the longest night has a dawn. In 1890 the Boston,

Concord and Montreal purchased the lumber company's road and acquired a right of way through Randolph and Gorham to Berlin and far up the Androscoggin valley. A year later the railroad was actually pushing its way down our valley; a glaring embankment along the mountain slope. Even an Italian labor strike invaded the peaceful vale. In another year, without ceremony or formality, a train service was established between Berlin and Whitefield.

Apart from the two great interests of lumbering and catering to summer guests, the enterprises of Randolph have been few. At times certain varieties of trees have been cut and sold for special purposes as birch for shoe pegs and doweling, and white ash for handles of various tools. From the wood of the brown ash, Clovis Lowe manufactured thousands of baskets which had a remunerative sale. The raising of potatoes for the manufacture of starch, promised profit that has not yet been realized.

In the autumn, sporting camps and the guiding of hunters furnish profitable employment to a number of our men. Through the fall and winter, Mr. Walter Simonds still follows the romantic vocation of hunting and trapping. Bears, bobcats, and wolves (none have been taken for many years) yield both a bounty and a good price for their skins. In traps are caught the fisher, skunk, mink, sable, fox, weasel,

muskrat and otter. The pelts of all these animals bring good prices. The fur of a few, such as the fisher, is of great value.

All New England now resorts to the North country for its winter sports. The White Mountains rival the Canadian resorts in the winter pleasures they afford. The seasons will be few until Randolph becomes a noted place for the mid-winter vacation.

Good fortune, the caution of those using the forest paths, and the watchfulness of the wardens in the lookouts on the mountain tops in times of drought, have saved beautiful Randolph many a disastrous fire. The numerous fire stations are connected by telephone and a suspicious smoke is promptly reported to the nearest station.

In the summer of 1886 a fire broke out in King's Ravine and swept up the east wall over the "Knife Edge" and into the Ravine of Snyder Brook. It destroyed every vestige of verdure over many acres. For years that most picturesque portion of Durand Ridge lay a bleaching tract of desolation that Nature is now slowly restoring to beauty.

On the night of October 7, 1921, Gordon Ridge on its western rim suddenly displayed a warning beacon fire. The soil of the forest was like tinder from a long drought. A furious gale swept across the Ridge, whirling the leaping flames eastward. To the anxious watchers in the valley it seemed as though

all Madison standing out against the lurid sky was on fire. The telephone roused all Gorham and Berlin. Trucks and automobiles quickly brought hundreds of eager volunteers. They were marshaled into a fire brigade by the local wardens and the trained foresters of the government service and led in a systematic battle against the leaping, roaring flames. In the early morning of the eighth came the reinforcements of a down-pour of rain and the fight was won. Blackened, devastated acres taught Randolph what might happen at any time but for eternal vigilance.

The brief war with Spain caused Randolph to make no special sacrifice. But in the dark years from 1914 to 1919, the little mountain town gave of her utmost in loyalty to a righteous cause, in money and labor to the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. in the purchase of liberty bonds, and, when our nation entered the war, in a supreme offering of her sons. Randolph, with a population of only seventy-five persons sent forth eight of her young men; a manifestation of patriotism that has scarcely a parallel in all this great land.

The following is the honor roll of Randolph's soldiers in the World War:

STEPHEN J. McLAIN entered the service Sept. 4, 1918, Company 11, 3d Battalion, 102nd Department Brigade; was discharged at Camp Upton, Dec. 4, 1918.

GLENN MAXWELL LOWE entered the service July 2, 1918, in Company C, 212 Field Signal Battalion; was discharged at Camp Devens, Jan. 20, 1919.

THEODORE K. LAUMANN entered Company G, 2d Battalion. The town has no further record. He was a native of California; a resident here when called and voted here by proxy in the fall of 1918.

GEORGE McLAIN entered the service May 12, 1918, Troop A, 12th Cavalry at Cosagal, Canal Zone; was discharged May 3, 1920.

RICHARD GEORGE WOOD entered the service Oct. 1, 1918, Company B, Infantry at Dartmouth College; discharged Dec. 16, 1918.

JEDDIE GREEN entered the service May 29, 1918, Supply Company, 112 Heavy Field Artillery. In France, eight months; discharged May 31, 1919.

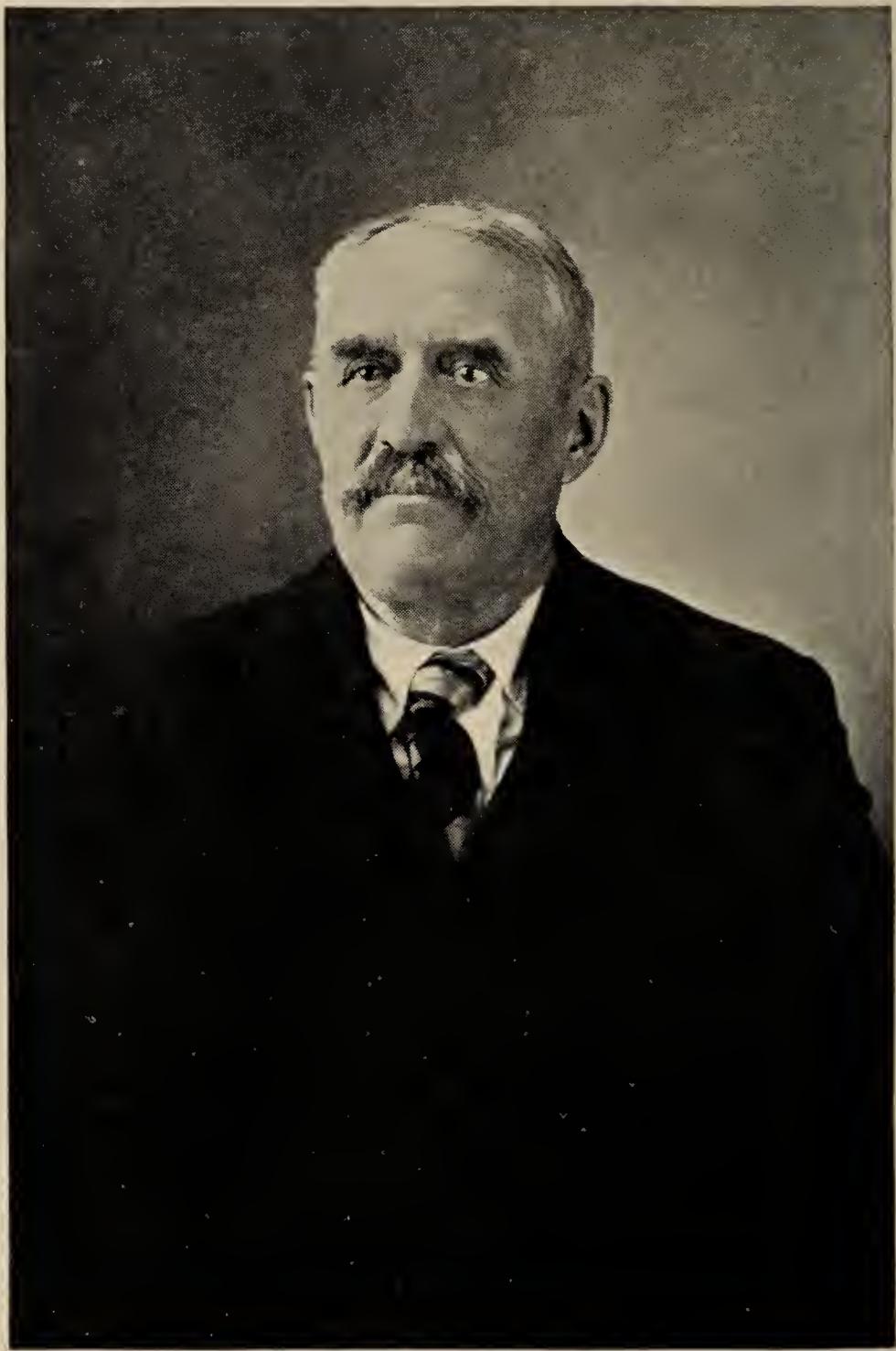
SHERMAN ALFRED BROWN entered the service, Oct. 21, 1918, Coast Artillery, 4th Truck Co., was transferred to 2d Truck Company, Train 60, Ammunition, N. H., discharged Dec. 16, 1918. Re-enlisted Aug. 28, 1919. Served in Germany from Oct. 30, 1919 to August 18, 1920; discharged Oct. 8, 1920.

GEORGE A. McDONALD entered the service May 24, 1918, 302 Company E. Infantry in France. Was severely wounded in battle in the Argonne Forest; discharged June 10, 1919.

The experience of George McDonald over-seas was one of unusual hardship, entitling him as a

World War Veteran to the gratitude of his country and the admiration and esteem of his townspeople. After only five weeks' training at Camp Devens, in the spring of 1918, he was sent over-seas without any opportunity for a word of good-bye at home. An extract from the young soldier's modest narrative makes vivid the possible hardships of war:—

“We stayed at Bordeaux about a week, then worked toward the front, going part of the way in box cars, fifty-two men in a car, stopping over night to rest. The next morning we left at five o'clock and hiked till seven at night with full packs on our backs, and *not a thing to eat*. They then took our packs away from us. We then marched from seven A.M., till one at night, under shell fire; after that we were ready to eat. That same night we put on gas guards. This was in the Meuse-Argonne Forest. I was at the front eight days and nights. On the first day of November, 1918, I was wounded with shrapnel in the right shoulder. The first aid man fixed me up and told me to return to the rear. I first went to a field hospital; from there I was taken to Base 80 Hospital. I stayed there five weeks. After coming out of the hospital I was sent back to my own outfit. As I was not then strong enough to carry a pack as they do in the Infantry, I was transferred to the Field Artillery. We then hiked from town to town, drilling as we went along, working



LABAN M. WATSON
Founder and first proprietor of the Ravine House

toward home. We sailed from Brest on an old German freighter the *Zeppelin*. I was discharged at Camp Devens and reached my home town, Randolph, June 11, 1919."

When in March, 1918, the governor of New Hampshire recommended that every town, at eleven o'clock on the day of its town meeting, should consider ways for local conservation of its resources, especially of food to "help win the war," Randolph made hearty response. Our farmers pledged themselves to sow fields of wheat where none had been raised for years, to tap their maple trees to help the scarcity of sugar, and to sow large vegetable gardens. To stimulate healthful competition, prizes were offered. A fair and exhibition of products in the fall was proposed. As a result of these plans, for five successive autumns, a fair was held in the Town Hall that showed each year an increased excellence in products of farm, garden and household and various handicrafts as exhibited under the auspices of the "Get-together Club."

The Appalachian Club has been of great service in developing the new Randolph, by the summering here of interested and active members, by field meetings with headquarters at the Ravine House, and by club excursions to Randolph both in summer and winter. The influence and active efforts of the club in retarding the destruction of the forests, also in

creating sentiment favorable to the passage of the Weeks Bill for the purchasing of a national forest reservation in the White Mountains have been inestimable.

When it became evident that the splendid forest on Durand Ridge was doomed, the club purchased a tract of the finest growth on Snyder Brook, thirty rods wide and a half mile in length. This Appalachian Reservation in Randolph saved the rare beauty of Snyder Brook from Gordon Falls upward through Tama Glen.

Early in its history the club began considering a plan for a substantial living-place in the high mountain region of the northern peaks. An ideal site for such a shelter was seen in the col between Madison and John Quincy Adams, on the bank of a little rill of ice cold water, the source of Snyder Brook.

In February, 1888, the club made an appropriation for a building which was later increased by private subscriptions to such a sum as to warrant a beginning. To convey all the material for the building up through the forests and over the steep ledges of Durand Ridge (three and three-quarters miles to a point almost five thousand feet above sea level) was no inconsiderable task. The construction of a passable road, the transportation of the material and the building of the hut were placed in the hands of Mr.

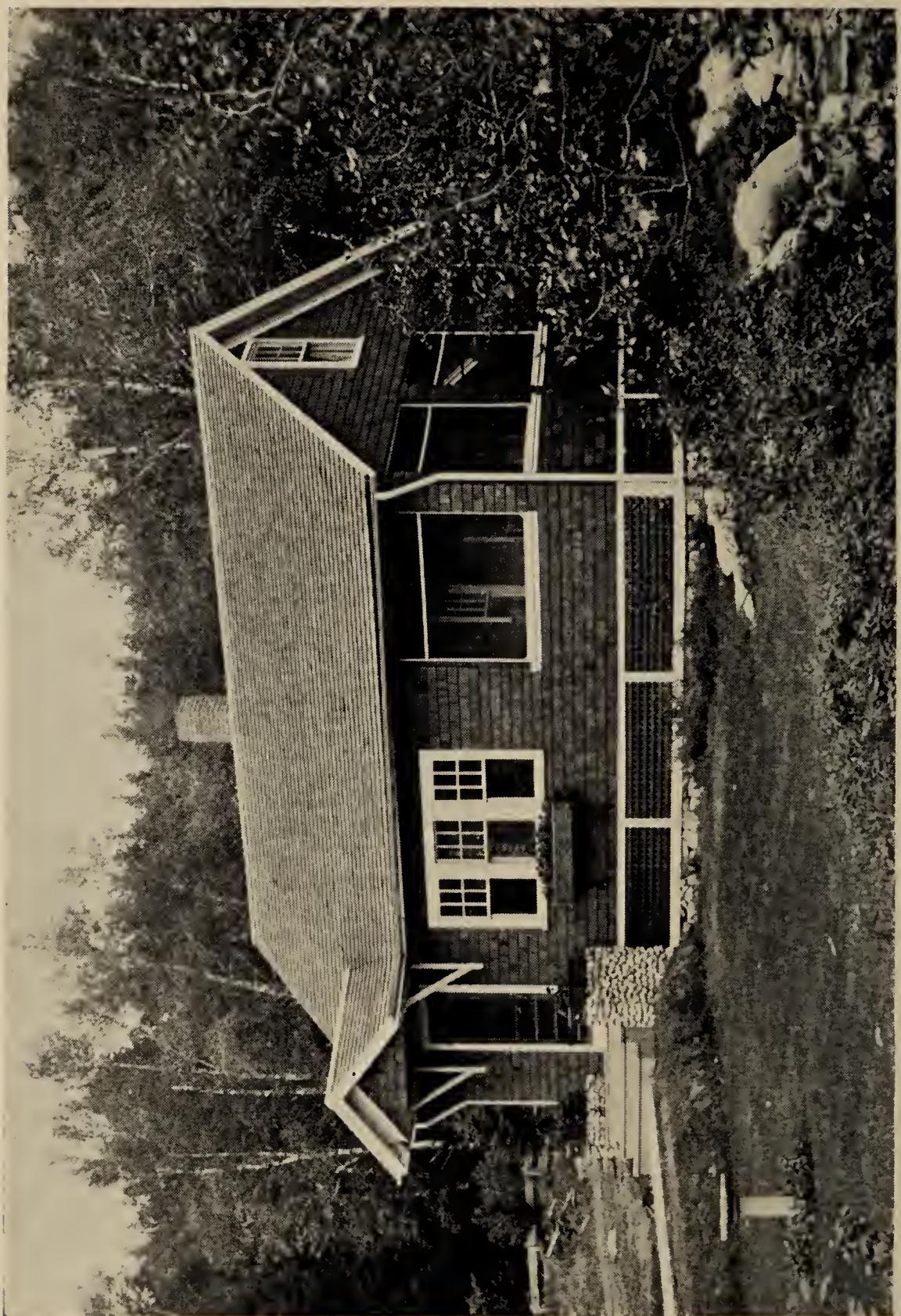
Laban M. Watson, of the Ravine House. The summer of 1888 proved an exceptionally stormy season, rendering the work more difficult. By the middle of August, Mr. Watson had built from the Ravine House to the tree line, a distance of three miles, a path passable for sure-footed and nimble horses. The work of carrying up casks of cement, heavy timbers, bunches of shingles, the many tons of building material was pushed actively forward. Above the rough horse-path every pound was portaged along the Knife Edge on the backs of men.

On the twenty-first day of August, the masons, under the direction of Mr. Burbank, of Gorham, went into camp. In three weeks the walls of a hut, laid in Portland cement, two feet thick and seven feet high were finished. Then followed a series of storms such as only September and October on Madison can produce. But in spite of these storms a good roof of wood, door and windows, and a stone chimney made the hut secure for the winter. The last thing carried up the slippery, muddy road that fall was a stove, in as many pieces as castings would permit. The following spring the finishing and rude furnishing were completed. In the summer of 1889, the first Madison Spring hut was put into commission. The building had cost about eight hundred dollars.

The club's councillor for 1888 pays this tribute to the man whose sagacity and pluck had made the big undertaking a success. "Most especially he feels called on to mention the very efficient services rendered in this undertaking by Mr. Watson of the Ravine House. Besides a very considerable subscription, Mr. Watson superintended, without compensation, all the road making and carrying, giving a good many days of his time; his advice on many matters was very useful to us."

The stone hut became at once an objective point for trampers, a shelter in bad weather, a place for a night's rest on the long hike over the Range to and from Washington. The club's hospitality in offering the free use of the cabin was appreciated by the public. Usually the hut was left in a neat and orderly condition by departing visitors. In a few years the club placed the building in charge of a hut master and charged a small fee for entertainment. The keeper in 1911 reported eleven hundred and thirty-seven visitors from July 1 to September 30. Four hundred and eighty-three persons were guests over night.

That same year (1911) a second stone hut was erected. The work was done by contract with Chester Heath, of Gorham. This building, containing kitchen and dining-room, and intended for serving simple meals, particularly breakfasts and



MARY JANE TEA ROOM
Mary Jane Morse, *Proprietor*

suppers, cost the club a little over fourteen hundred dollars.

In 1922 a third substantial stone hut was added to the group to be used as a dormitory. The cabin, which was built by John H. Boothman, contains two well-ventilated, well-lighted rooms with comfortable bunks for sixty persons.

Thus, through the years, the Appalachian Mountain Club has given generous encouragement to the increasing army of tramping visitors who constantly use the paths and trails of the northern peaks.

The Madison Spring Huts have contributed much to the fame of the New Randolph, and brought many guests to its hotels and cottages.

In the spring of 1916, Mr. Guy L. Shorey, of Gorham, erected on the bank of Wilcox Brook, convenient to the highway, a tasteful building for a combined tea room and gift shop. Miss Mary J. Morse was made manager of the new enterprise. The "Shorey Studio Tea Room" was popular from the inception of the plan. Patronage increased steadily from year to year. In the time of summer tourist travel a number of automobiles stand before the door all day and late into the evening. Guests from the hotels and cottages crowd the daintily furnished rooms. In 1923, Miss Morse became owner and manager. At the desire of the new proprietor's friends the Shorey Studio was renamed the "Mary

Jane Tea Room." Miss Mary Jane Morse, though born in Lancaster, is of the fine pioneer stock of Randolph, the granddaughter of Jacob Morse, of Randolph Hill. The New Randolph rejoices in the business prosperity of the grand-niece of Elder John Morse.

In 1915, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Cross built on the edge of Burnbrae Glen a guest camp in conformity to a long cherished plan. The camp, a combination of bungalows and canvas tents, with bathroom, hot and cold water, open fires, well furnished kitchen and dining-room, eliminates the drudgery and affords the pleasures of camp life in a beautiful situation. A congenial company living under a systematic apportionment of tasks is able to enjoy a summer vacation with a minimum of expense and a maximum of healthful enjoyment. The "Burnbrae Idea" is no longer an experiment.

Another of the recent enterprises of the New Randolph is Coldbrook Camp which was built in 1922 by Mr. George Osgood Cutter. It is situated in a fine grove of evergreens near Coldbrook, between the Moose and the railroad. It has a main frame building for kitchen and refectory in which is a great hospitable fireplace. The sleeping quarters are in large tents with wood floors. It has accommodations for thirty-two guests.

Coldbrook Camp in situation and equipment is

finely adapted to the purpose for which it was built. It is Mr. Cutter's plan to furnish a camp for hiking parties from boys' and girls' camps, parties making the trip over the Mount Washington Range or visiting the northern peaks and ravines. Among its guests are trampers who make it a stopping place for the night. Others make the camp headquarters for mountain excursions. At Coldbrook Camp there is found a hospitable welcome, comfortable accommodations and the companionship of cultured men and women who delight in the beauty of the Randolph mountains.

In 1860 Randolph in co-operation with Gorham constructed a road between the two towns along the Moose, down the deep gorge between Gorham Hill and Pine Mountain. Traces of the road may still be seen from the windows of passing trains. In 1866 the town, finding the road little used, petitioned the courts for its discontinuance on account of the expense of maintenance. The petition was granted, and Randolph abandoned what in coming years might have become one of the most beautiful and serviceable drives in all the mountain region.

On Thursday evening, October 11, 1923, Mr. and Mrs. Laban Morrill Watson, known from Coös County to Boston as the proprietors of the Ravine House for thirty-five years, and as dispensers of a wide hospitality for the last sixteen years at their

present home, Coldbrook Lodge, celebrated their golden wedding at the Mount Crescent House—the home of their eldest daughter and her husband, Mr. John H. Boothman. It was more than a social occasion—it was an event of historical significance to Randolph. Representatives of every family in the town were present to offer congratulations upon a wedded life of fifty years that almost exactly spanned the second half century of the town's history. Seventy-five guests sat down to the family dinner at six o'clock.

Later in the evening, after a reception in the hotel parlors, two hundred and twenty-five guests gathered in the large dining-room. There a neighbor in offering congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Watson, said:

“I do not remember that I have ever before addressed so wonderful an audience. I do not say this in any spirit of flattery. It is a wonderful audience because it has been assembled from far and near, nay, more than assembled—drawn together in closest bonds of acquaintance, friendship, and kinship by the hospitality, friendliness and love of two people living in this community a fine wedded life of fifty golden years. This great audience will not be content, till, in the name of children, grand-children, relatives, friends and that great company of your guests all over this land, who in spirit are with us



THADDEUS S. LOWE
Selectman for twenty-five years
Town Clerk for twenty-six years

tonight, I extend to you, dear Mr. and Mrs. Watson, their congratulations as you stand at this golden milestone of life. Their prayer and faith are for many added years of service and blessing."

So with the many descendants of that canny Scotchman, Stephen Watson, who came to Durand more than a hundred years ago, with the children of the Lowes, the Morses, the Leightons, the Kelseys, the Scateses, the Hunts, the Woods, the Hodgdon, the Boothmans, with the hundreds of summer guests who have come bringing joy and prosperity, Randolph stands facing the years of her second century.

TOWN OFFICIALS OF THE SECOND HALF CENTURY

1875 George Wood, *Clerk*; George Wood, Laban M. Watson, John M. Kelsey, *Selectmen*; George Wood, *Representative*. In October, John M. Kelsey resigned. Henry H. Rich elected to vacancy.

1876 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Joel E. Leighton, Laban M. Watson, Chas. E. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Representative*.

1877 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Joel E. Leighton, Laban M. Watson, Chas. E. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Representative*.

1878 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Joel E. Leighton, Chas. E. Lowe, Henry H. Rich, *Selectmen*; Laban M. Watson, *Representative*.

1879 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; George Wood, Henry H. Rich, Perly N. Watson, *Selectmen*.

1880 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Perly N. Watson, A. G. Messenger, John W. Buzzell, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1881 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; A. G. Messenger, Perly N. Watson, Orange S. Phelps, *Selectmen*. In May, Messenger and Watson resigned. Hubbard Hunt and Frank F. Reed elected to vacancies.

1882 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; George Wood, Hubbard Hunt, Charles E. Allen, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1883 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; George Wood, Hubbard Hunt, Charles E. Allen, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1884 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; George Wood, Hubbard Hunt, Charles E. Allen, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1885 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; A. G. Messenger, John W. Buzzell, T. S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*. Chas. E. Lowe, representative for 1885 and 1886.

1886 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; George Wood, Gilman C. Bradbury, John W. Buzzell, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1887 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; George Wood, Gilman C. Bradbury, John W. Buzzell, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1888 Francis C. Wood, *Clerk*; George Wood, John W. Buzzell, Charles E. Allen, *Selectmen*; Francis C. Wood, *Treasurer*; Joel E. Leighton, *Representative*.

1889 Francis C. Wood, *Clerk*; Hubbard H. Hunt, John W. Buzzell, George F. Scates, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1890 Francis C. Wood, *Clerk*; Hubbard H. Hunt, George F. Scates, George Wood, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1891 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Hubbard H. Hunt, John W. Buzzell, William H. Kelsey, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1892 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Joel E. Leighton (resigned March 31 and John C. Leighton was appointed), Charles E. Lowe, George F. Scates, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1893 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, George F. Scates, Robert I. Leighton, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1894 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, George F. Scates, Robert I. Leighton, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*; John H. Boothman, *Representative*.

1895 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Robert I. Leighton, George F. Scates, John C. Bradbury, *Selectmen*; Francis C. Wood, *Treasurer*.

1896 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Robert I. Leighton, Laban M. Watson, George F. Scates, *Selectmen*; Francis C. Wood, *Treasurer*.

1897 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Robert I. Leighton, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Arthur S. Hunt, *Selectmen*; Francis C. Wood, *Treasurer*.

1898 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Robert I. Leighton, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Joseph P. Weeks, *Selectmen*; Francis C. Wood, *Treasurer*.

1899 Ithiel Scates, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Joel E. Leighton, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Ernest S. Wood, *Treasurer*.

1900 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Joel E. Leighton, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Ithiel Scates, *Treasurer*.

1901 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Joel E. Leighton, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Ernest S. Wood, *Treasurer*.

1902 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Joel E. Leighton, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Charles E. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1903 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Joel E. Leighton, *Selectmen*.

1904 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Joel E. Leighton, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*; Francis C. Wood, *Representative*.

1905 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Irving R. Leighton, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1906 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Irving R. Leighton, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1907 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Irving R. Leighton, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1908 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Thaddeus S. Lowe, Irving R. Leighton, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1909 Irving R. Leighton, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Irving R. Leighton, John H. Boothman, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1910 Irving R. Leighton, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Irving R. Leighton, John H. Boothman, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*. Thaddeus S. Lowe served as town clerk after Sept. 6, 1910. Thaddeus S. Lowe served as selectman after Oct. 21, 1910.

1911 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1912 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1913 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1914 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1915 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

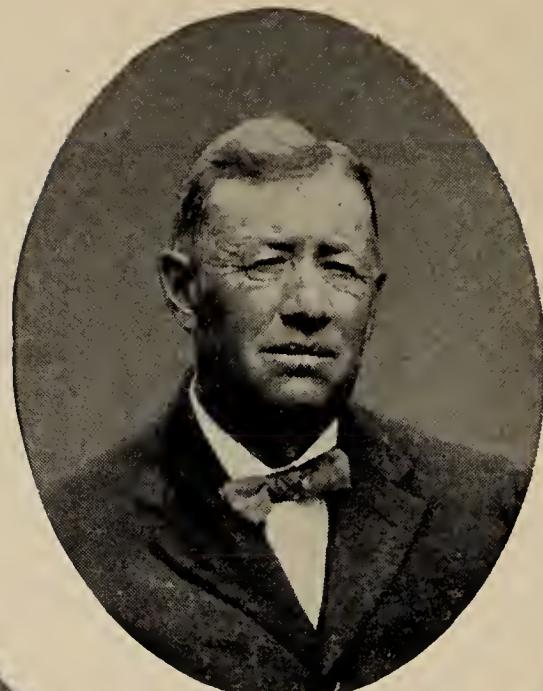
1916 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Thaddeus S. Lowe, John H. Boothman, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Representative*.

1917 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

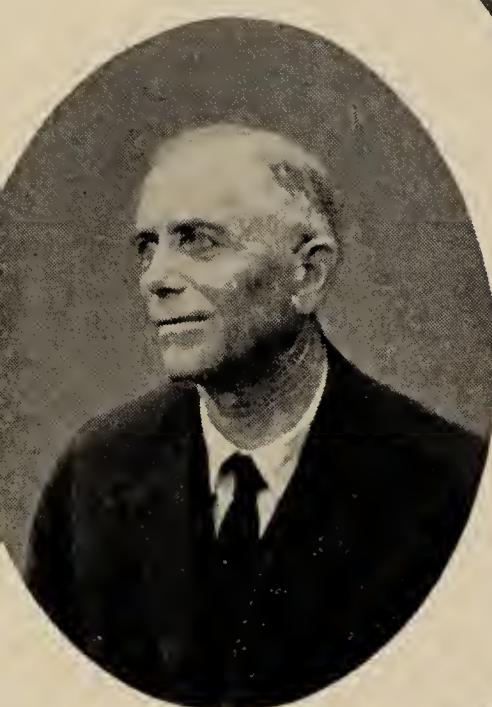
1918 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1919 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1920 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, John H. Boothman, Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.



FRANCIS C. WOOD, *Chairman*



JOHN H. BOOTHMAN



ERNEST B. FARRAR



TYRON D. LOWE, *Treasurer*

SELECTMEN AND TREASURER OF THE TOWN OF
RANDOLPH, N. H., 1924

1921 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; (Thaddeus S. Lowe resigned Dec. 1 from the Board of Selectmen); John H. Boothman, Francis C. Wood, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1922 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; John H. Boothman, Francis C. Wood, Ernest B. Farrar, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*; L. M. Watson, *Representative*.

1923 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Francis C. Wood, Ernest B. Farrar, John H. Boothman, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

1924 Thaddeus S. Lowe, *Clerk*; Ernest B. Farrar, John H. Boothman, Francis C. Wood, *Selectmen*; Vyron D. Lowe, *Treasurer*.

THE TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS

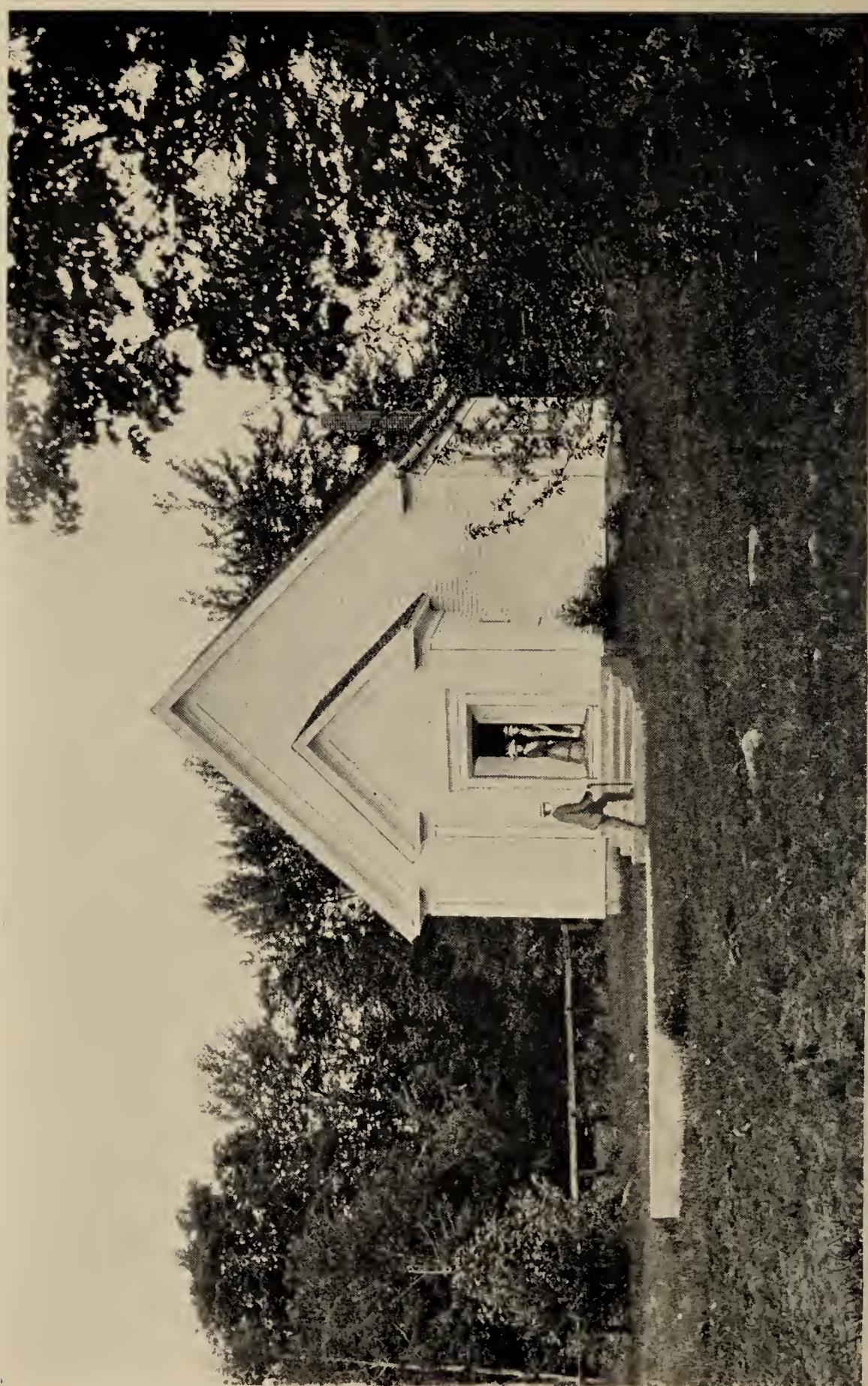
The Tabernacle in the Wilderness

THIRTY-TWO years after the founding of Randolph the Reverend Robert F. Lawrence of Claremont published *The Churches of New Hampshire*, a voluminous work of more than six hundred pages. In giving the history of Coös County the author says: "The following three towns have less than a hundred inhabitants, Cambridge, Dixville and Millsfield; the following less than two hundred, Berlin, Clarksville, Dummer, Errol and Randolph. In none of these towns is there any church." Thus, in a half dozen words, was set forth the religious status of our town sixty-eight years ago.

Of Shelburne, Durand's nearest neighbor on the east, the same authority records: "In 1810 the Rev. Caleb Burge was here and preached to a solemn assembly. The people were few, yet struggling amid the trials incident to a new country, and the sweet sound of the Gospel was very charming to their ears." Dr. Belknap in 1812 said, "The people in general throughout the state are professors of the Christian religion in some form or other. . . . It has been a common practice in all the grants of townships which have been made by the Crown or the Masonian proprietors to reserve one share equal

to that of any other grantee for the first settled minister as his own right, besides a parsonage lot. This has proved a great encouragement to the settlement of ministers in the new towns, and it has been generally observed that those towns are the most thriving in which early care has been to settle a prudent minister and assist him in clearing and settling his land. In some of the towns where the people are not able to support ministers, it has been usual for the clergymen of the older towns to make itinerant excursions of several weeks to preach and baptize, while their places have been filled by the neighboring ministers in rotation. Such itinerations are always acceptable to the scattered people and serve to keep up a sense of religion in their families."

The early settlers of Durand and Randolph were of Scotch descent, or of the yeomanry of the north of England, Puritans, men and women by nature deeply religious. There was a desire in all hearts to set up an altar in the wilderness, temporary as long as must be, permanent as soon as means would allow. As early as 1790 the handful of settlers in Durand assembled Sundays at the cabin of some one of their number for religious services conducted by an itinerant preacher. About 1805 a church of Free Will Baptists was organized under direction of the Lisbon Quarterly Meeting. The Reverend Samuel



THE CHURCH OF RANDOLPH AND GORHAM HILL

Hutchinson was made its pastor. Regular Sunday services with a flourishing Sunday School were maintained for many years. Religious convictions were deep and sincere. On the rolls of the little church were the names of the men and their wives—honest, sedate—who were to be the strong bulwark of the future Randolph: John Wilson, Obadiah Mann, John Morse, Joseph Morse, Caleb Cushman, Robert Leighton, John Bowman, Amos Peabody, Elaska Jackson, Anthony Vincent, James Gray and others. They were the winnowed seed from England, Scotland, and early New England, planted in the forest clearings for a future harvest of Christian character.

The first deacons of the Durand church were a Mr. Worthing and Evans Wilson. The former lived in Kilkenny and walked over the mountains and through the pathless forests to attend the services in Durand.

In those beginning days of poverty there could be no thought of a church edifice. In the timbered dining hall of Scrooby Manor the Pilgrim Church had its beginning. In the cabin kitchen of Durand our church grew in strength. In Mr. F. C. Wood's hillside pasture, opposite the present post office, are still to be seen the rude door step and foundation stones of the first schoolhouse. This was the peoples' place of worship for many years.

The records of the early church are pitifully meagre. There is mention of two or three summer-time baptisms in the Moose and the names of candidates so received. How these brief records kindle the imagination, the forest-girdled valley, the log schoolhouse basking in the June sunshine, the little company of devout, toil-worn men and women moving down the slope to the bank of the shining river, the sentinel mountains looking down upon the scene, the hymn, the low spoken confession, the prayer, the benediction mingled with the song of birds rising through the Sabbath stillness to the Maker of all that beauty, all that faith.

In the spring of 1816, the Morse brothers came to Durand from Otisfield, Maine. Three of them established homes along the Moose above Coldbrook. John Morse for years operated the combined saw and grist mill on Coldbrook. He was a man of a devout and religious nature. With his wife Eunice he became a member of the church and a tireless worker in its interests.

As far as can be learned the Free Baptist Church had but one regularly settled pastor, Mr. Hutchinson, who ministered not many years. It soon became manifest that John Morse possessed the Pentecostal gift of tongues. He had a very limited education; but he made the most of it. His rugged, forceful speech and keen appreciation of the spiritual needs

of his people made him a most acceptable preacher. For eight years or more Mr. Morse supplied the pulpit. In 1833 a church council was called under direction of the Lisbon Free Baptist Meeting. There were delegates present from Lisbon, Bethlehem, Meredith, and probably nearer towns. The council was convened at the home of James Gray, now that of Mr. F. C. Wood. In the room where now is the Randolph post office, from whose low ceiling probably hung legs of pork and joints of venison, before the great blazing hearth John Morse was examined as to his faith, and ordained as a minister of the Gospel. From that time he was known as "Elder" or "Father Morse," respected, beloved, revered. His pulpit was in the little log schoolhouse, his parish the whole wilderness round about, his study the mill on Coldbrook, where, as he rolled up the logs to the saw and emptied the sacks of grain into the hopper, he prepared his weekly sermons. In the discharge of his pastoral duties he once walked twenty miles over the mountains, through the pathless woods to attend a funeral and returned in the same way. Long after he received the gift of a pair of "feeting" from the grateful family. Elder Morse's salary from the Durand Church was probably paid wholly in the coin of the love and gratitude of his people.

Soon after Dartmouth became Jefferson, a church

was organized at Jefferson Highlands; Elder Morse was called to the pastorate. For years Father Morse on Sunday morning, left his silent mill on Coldbrook, walked the six miles up the rough blazed trail to East Jefferson and there conducted three services. One moonlit evening, not far from Bowman Tavern, a wolf loped out of the woods, seated himself in the path directly before the preacher and smiled at him. Elder Morse returned the smile with what cordiality circumstances would permit, grasped his stick tighter and, sustained by the consciousness of three good orthodox sermons delivered that day, advanced steadily along the path looking the beast straight in the eye. As he drew quite near, the wolf slunk away and fled into the forest.

For nine years Elder Morse was pastor over what is now the Congregational Church in Gorham. Later he lived and labored again in Jefferson. Till his ninetieth year he wrought for six days with his hands and on the seventh taught the way of life—“the voice of one crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make his paths straight.”

After the departure of Elder Morse the Randolph church found it increasingly difficult to supply its pulpit. Sunday services, dependent upon itinerant preachers became desultory, and later ceased altogether.

Came the Sunday School to impart religious

teaching and keep up the spirit of worship. James C. Scates, Senior, was a man beloved by the whole community. Every spring, as the winter's snows disappeared and the robins and blue birds came, "Uncle Scates" gathered fathers, mothers and children in the red schoolhouse in the valley, where now bloom the flower beds of Mr. E. H. Blood and Mrs. T. C. Pease. There the classes of the summer Sunday School were organized. Those were the early days of Sunday School literature. They used but one class book—the Bible. Elders and children studied the same lesson, "The Home in Bethany," "The Story of Ruth," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Crucifixion," with prayer and hymns. These were the religious teachings of "Uncle" James C. Scates for thirty years.

There are preserved to us brief records of joyous Christmas festivities at the Ravine House, with gift laden trees; of a concert in September to mark the close of the summer sessions, when the little red schoolhouse was packed, and many were compelled to stand outside to enjoy through open door and windows what they could of songs and recitations "from wee lispers to gray haired men."

In our cemetery stands a memorial stone to Rev. Ebenezer Evans who died on Christmas Eve in 1877. Many of our people remember gratefully the fighting parson with his empty sleeve. At the age of

fourteen Mr. Evans was a sailor boy on the deck of an American man-of-war, and in the war of 1812 lost an arm. Mr. Evans lived in Randolph many years, married a sister of Deacon Ithiel Scates, and in his last days made his home with his wife's family at "Scates Corner." Through those years he supplied the pulpit at times, married the young couples, visited the sick, buried the dead, comforted the mourning — a light in the rocky pathway of the people.

In the class of 1872 at Amherst College graduated a young man by the name of Arthur J. Benedict. He was a broad shouldered, powerful man, a scholar, and an athlete in the early years of college athletics. In 1872 he pulled fourth oar in the winning boat in the fastest race ever rowed on the Connecticut at Springfield. After his theological course Mr. Benedict was called to the Congregational Church in Gorham, beginning his ministry in June, 1876. Benedict's tireless energy was ever reaching out to a larger and larger service. He saw up among the mountains at Randolph an unchurched community. He began going up to Randolph and holding religious meetings, sometimes in the red schoolhouse in Randolph Valley, sometimes in the new schoolhouse on Gorham Hill. Mr. Benedict, strong, big-hearted, manly, was just the man to arouse the flagging religious spirit of a community of strong,

earnest men and women. When interest in the meetings had become deep and general the young pastor asked of his people an "impossibility." The whole community was poor, money exceedingly scarce. At first thought nothing seemed more impossible of accomplishment than to build a church. But a few weeks later Deacon Ithiel Scates brought to Mr. Benedict a deed of a tract of level land on the top of Gorham Hill, an ideal spot for the site of a church. The people of Randolph had committed themselves to the achieving of the "impossible."

Papers were drawn up and circulated for signature on which were three vertical columns, "Money," "Labor," "Lumber." In the first column everybody pledged all they could. The Missionary Society in Concord gave a hundred dollars, the Congregational Society in Gorham one hundred and fifty dollars. Mrs. Benedict secured from friends in Philadelphia a goodly sum; the women and children provided themselves with "mite" boxes in which they deposited each week a promised number of cents. The special prerequisite of the housewives—the butter and egg money—was all given to the great cause. One woman set a hen in the spring, watched over the goodly brood all summer, and in the fall placed the proceeds of her flock in her mite box.

The second column "Labor" was a challenge to the strong men, and nobly they responded. The

lumber companies of the whole region, and some individuals contributed material enough to build the edifice.

In the spring of 1883 ground was broken and the work begun in deep earnestness. From all over the town and Gorham Hill came the men, tools in hand, eager to be set at work. The planning, framing, and direction of the work were placed in the hands of Sylvester Wilson, of Gorham Hill, an experienced carpenter. The hill top was a busy place. Borne on the spring air with the song of robin and bluebird were the sounds of broad axe, hammer, and saw. In the first summer a worthy citizen who loved both the church and big words reported in Gorham, "the little meetin' house on the hill is beginning to look quite sanctimonious."

On Sunday, January 14, 1883, a meeting of the whole community was held at the home of Mr. George Wood. At that meeting the following measure was adopted and recorded:

UNION CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY. Be it known that on the fourteenth day of January, 1883, there was organized at Randolph in the County of Coös, State of New Hampshire, by written articles signed by each member, a religious society by and under the name of Union Congregational Society of Gorham Hill and Randolph, agreeably to the Provisions of Chapter 163 of the General Laws

of New Hampshire, for the purpose of becoming a body politic and corporate, and of possessing all the powers incident to corporations of similar character.

The said Society on organization made choice of George Hodgdon, Clerk, Ithiel Scates, Treasurer, Geo. Wood, A. C. Harriman, J. W. Buzzell, Sylvester Wilson, Geo. A. Hodgdon, Trustees: Said Clerk was duly sworn and has duly recorded the name, proceedings and intentions of said Society.

GEORGE A. HODGDON,
Clerk of said Society.

Randolph, N. H., January 15, 1883.

Work on the new church, suspended during the winter, was renewed with great earnestness in the spring of 1884. In the meantime the inspiration of all this good work, the Rev. A. J. Benedict, had been called from Gorham to a church in Kensington, Connecticut. To the church in Gorham had come the Rev. T. C. Jerome, who heroically took up the missionary work in Randolph so splendidly begun by Mr. Benedict.

The winter of 1883-84 was one of exceptional severity, high winds, intense cold, furious storms, deep snows in the mountains. But the heroic minister, Mr. Jerome, every Sunday afternoon went up to his people at Randolph or Gorham Hill. Sometimes he was compelled to leave his sleigh by the road-

side, mount his horse, and push on through the snow drifts to the schoolroom door where an eager congregation awaited him.

The new chapel was finished early in the summer of 1884. It was first used for the meeting of an Ecclesiastical Council, convened on the afternoon of Monday, July 23. Delegates were present from Concord, Berlin, Bethlehem, Lancaster and Gorham. Rev. E. H. Greeley, of Concord was made Moderator and Rev. S. A. Barnaby, of Lancaster, Scribe. The minutes of the council recorded "an unanimous vote approving of the Constitution, Confession, and Covenant of the new church, and receiving it into fellowship as a Congregational Church of Christ."

In the evening there was a unique and beautiful service of reception of the new church into the fellowship of Congregational churches. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. H. M. Andrews, of Bethlehem; the sermon was by Rev. E. H. Greeley, of Concord; administering of the Confession and Covenant to the new church by the Rev. T. C. Jerome; consecrating prayer by the Rev. S. A. Barnaby, of Lancaster; right hand of fellowship by the Rev. A. Donnell, of Berlin.

Great numbers of people came from long distances to be present at both services. The ladies of the town entertained the guests from a distance at supper at the home of Deacon Ithiel Scates.

On Wednesday afternoon of that week, July 25, the church edifice was dedicated. The willing hands of the young people had decorated the interior elaborately and tastefully. The order of exercises was:

Invocation by the Pastor, Rev. T. C. Jerome.

Singing by the choir.

Report of the trustees and delivery of the church keys by Mr. George Wood, chairman of the trustees.

Acceptance of the keys in behalf of the people by Rev. T. C. Jerome.

Hymn.

Sermon by Rev. A. J. Benedict, of Kensington, Connecticut.

Dedicatory prayer by Rev. F. W. A. Rankin, of Jefferson.

Singing.

Reading of a poem by Miss Nellie Scates.

Congratulatory addresses by Rev. C. M. Dinsmore, Methodist; Rev. F. W. A. Rankin, Baptist; Rev. S. A. Barnaby, Congregationalist.

Singing.

Benediction.

The dedicatory sermon by their first pastor was long remembered by the people for its earnestness, and its tender reminiscences of earlier days. The poem, written by Miss Della Trowbridge, was remarkable for its spirit of appreciation of the occasion.

Hail the day so long expected!
When by loving cheerful will,
There should be a house erected
To God's service on the hill.

As we view the consummation
Of our plans, our labors crowned
With success, our hearts with gladness
And true gratitude abound.

“Beautiful for situation”
Is the house upon the hill;
May it prove a shining beacon,
Guiding with unerring skill.

May we each and all together
Prove the Lord to be our stay;
Guiding us through earthly darkness
To the light of perfect day.

So the church on the hill was builded and every dollar of indebtedness paid. “Glory to God in the highest,” were the words on the lips of Mr. Jerome and the little congregation in Randolph and on Gorham Hill as they went forward to better and better things. Within a year it became necessary to increase the seating capacity of the house. Later the mothers in Israel who had learned so well the lesson in

thrift, purchased a small organ. For years and years the little instrument led the service of song till two years ago it gave place to the large Irving Leighton Memorial organ.

Mr. Jerome closed his ministry in Gorham and Randolph in March, 1885, to go to Wolfboro, and in less than a year was drowned in Lake Winnipesaukee (May 28, 1886).

The Rev. Edward Constant served the two churches of Gorham and Randolph from 1888 to 1891. Then came a succession of vacancies and brief ministries till 1896, when the Rev. Sampson Nicholls was called and supplied the pulpit until 1900. The Rev. Lewis W. Morey, of Gorham, preached in the summer of 1903 and 1904.

The support of the services had by this time fallen largely upon the summer visitors; and the uncertainties of supply from Gorham led some of them to take it upon themselves to see that regular preaching was provided during the season. Dr. Worrall, of New York, and Dr. R. T. Taylor, of Baltimore, especially interested themselves in this undertaking, and enlisted the co-operation of ministers who were for the time being in Randolph.

When the church was no longer dependent on Gorham, it was found more convenient for the majority to attend service in the morning, and the change was accordingly made in 1905. In that year

Professor Edward Y. Hincks, who had become an all-summer resident, assumed the oversight of the services, with the assistance of several other ministers who spent their summers in Randolph, and of occasional visitors.

Dr. Hincks realized to the fullest the uplifting and unifying power of ably conducted and faithfully supported services in the church on the hill. He gave constantly of his rich experience as a preacher and organizer in providing Sunday services acceptable to a cultured congregation of many faiths. The spirit of sacrifice and devotion in which the little church was founded still prevails. All these years our many ministers, out of their too brief vacations, have given to us of their best—sermons worthy of great city pulpits. When in 1921 Dr. Hincks, to the deep regret of all our people, felt the necessity of giving up the care of the pulpit, the work was taken up by his colleague, Dr. George F. Moore, and is being carried on in the same beautiful spirit.

Deaths and removals reduced the number of the little group which for a decade had been the reliance for summer preaching and it seemed advisable to engage a regular supply for at least part of the season. Mr. Gordon B. Wellman, then a student in Andover Seminary, served in this way in 1916, and Mr. Ray Chapman, another student, in 1917. From 1918,

Professor W. H. P. Hatch, of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, has ministered to the congregation with great acceptance.

The material needs of the house have not been neglected. The interior has been repainted in quiet and restful colors, new hymn books obtained and this season (1924) additional chairs provided. The exterior has been repainted and a concrete approach to the door constructed.

When our fathers builded the church "beautiful for situation" on the hill top it was central to all the scattered community. The automobile has made the plain little house of worship, rendered doubly sacred by glad sacrifice, again central and convenient, a place whither worshippers of many denominations shall go up in ever increasing numbers.

THE HOTELS

The Hotels

THE RAVINE HOUSE

THE story of the Ravine House began one hundred and fourteen years ago when a Mr. Stuart took up Lot 7 in Ranges 3 and 4 in Durand, and began improvements upon it. What or how much he accomplished is not known. Six years later, Alaska Jackson, whose cabin, near the present Mount Crescent House on the Hill, had been burned, purchased Mr. Stuart's claim and "rolled up" a cabin and barn. Jackson set actively about felling the forest and reclaiming the fertile acres up and down the Moose. In a brief time the ever-restless and changeable "Lasker" sold his clearing to Stephen Watson, the grandfather of Mr. Laban Watson. Stephen Watson came of the family in Scotland that later gave to the world the Rev. John Watson and the *Bonnie Briar Bush*. To Durand, the Watsons came from Waterford, Maine.

Stephen Watson cut, burned and cleared for a few years; he was drowned attempting to cross the Moose in time of flood. Upon the son, Abel N. Watson, a short, square shouldered, powerful man, (revealing his Scotch parentage in every movement and utterance) devolved the father's task. The log

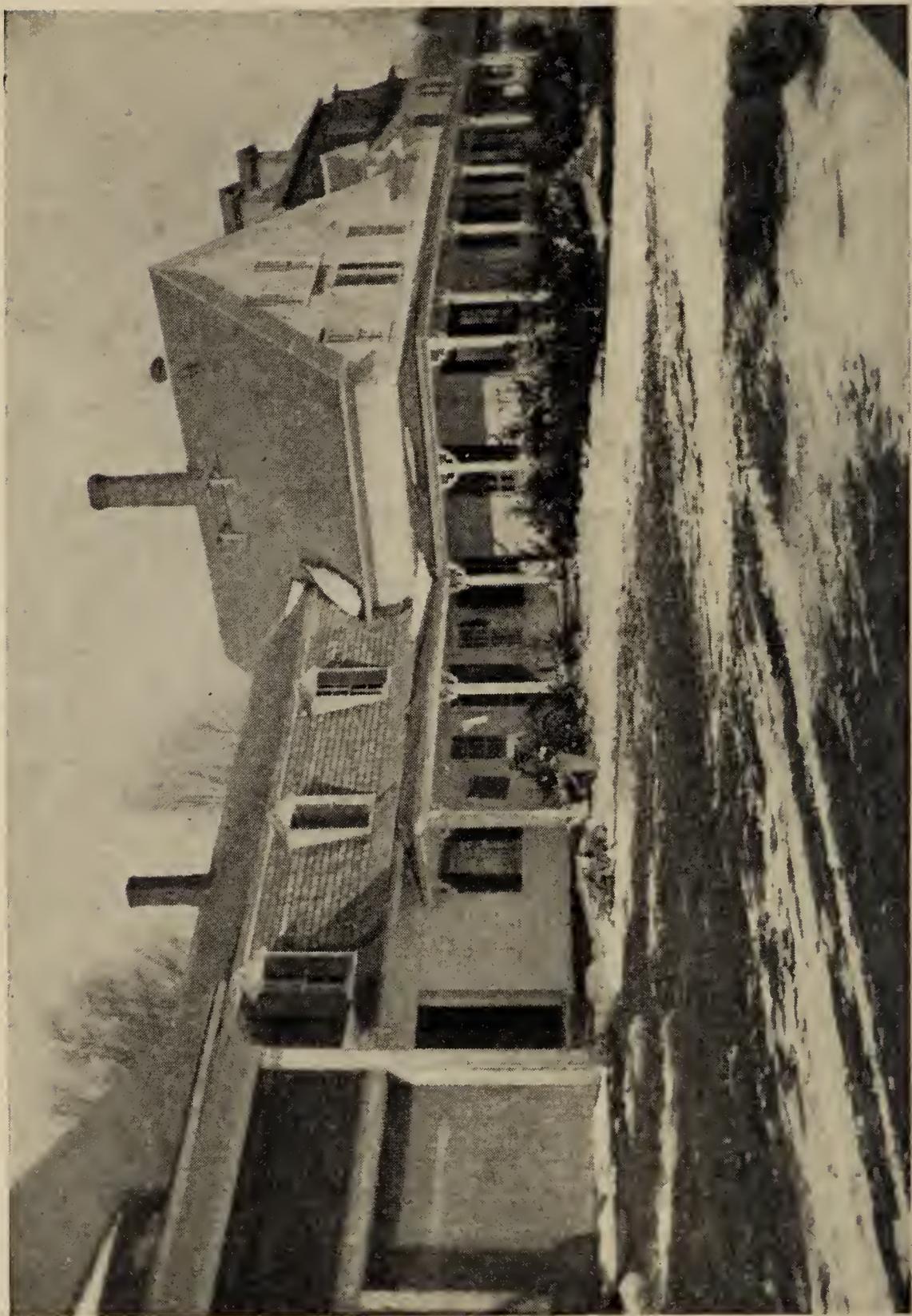
cabin gave place to a small frame house—a better home for his fast growing family.

Years later when Abel Watson brought home to his motherless family a new mother, Mrs. Cordelia Wight Burbank, of Shelburne, he did a service almost as important to the future Ravine House as to his children. Only those who enjoyed the hospitality of the early Ravine House can understand how Madame Cordelia Watson and her daughter Anna Burbank, as the wife of Laban Watson, builded their lives into the growth and success of the summer hotel.

In the late fifties, Thomas Starr King, by his letters in the Boston *Transcript*, drew attention to the hitherto unknown beauties of the northern peaks and Randolph. After the close of the Civil War tourists began to come to see for themselves the charms of Nature. The Watsons, Abel N. and his son, Laban M., thought to turn the resources of their fine farm to the entertainment of summer guests. They razed their small farmhouse on the bank of the Moose and erected in its place a house large enough to accommodate twenty guests. They then advertised in the Boston *Transcript* for guests at \$5 per week at the Mount Madison House, as their new venture was first named.

An incident, often told by both participants, had much to do with the future of the hotel. One

RAVINE HOUSE IN 1885
(From an old photograph)



summer morning in 1878, a gentleman and his young son were standing by the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway in Gorham just where the shapely pyramid of Madison looms most impressively above the forests. As the two walked up the station platform the elder said, "I wish I could get nearer to that mountain." "You can," said a bystander, "for my father and I own the farm directly at the base of it and we should be glad to make you comfortable there." "Then we will come next summer."

The Chicago merchant kept his promise. From that chance meeting with Mr. Laban Watson, Mr. William H. Peek for twenty-five summers pursued his joyous task of making the beauties of Randolph known and accessible to the world.

In the first season the new house cared for three guests. In the spring of 1877 a register was opened and the new name, Ravine House, adopted. The first entry in the register was the name of Alexander Warden, of Monroe, N. H. The first registry under a date was that of Henry Holt and wife, of New York, possibly the famous book publisher. Precious today are those old volumes of the Ravine House Register, with the autographic records of hundreds of men and women from every part of America and some from foreign lands. An extract from a magazine article written by the author years ago contains a picture of early days at the Ravine House.

*“I like to turn back the unwritten pages of the Ravine House story for more than thirty years to the memory picture of my first evening in the parlor. Perhaps this picture is somewhat of a composite, the blended impressions of many happy evenings. But thus the lines, just a little out of focus, are blurred and softened into greater beauty.

“It is a little room, twelve or fourteen feet square, the walls covered with a sombre, large figured paper, a home woven carpet on the floor. Above an oval walnut centre table a huge kerosene lamp, suspended from the ceiling, lights the room. A number of framed water-color sketches of local scenes by Mr. Peek adorn the walls. Madame Watson’s spinning-wheel stands across the corner. Straddling out almost to the centre of the room is a large box stove in which crackles and snaps a cheerful wood fire to conquer the chill of the July night, and draw the summer family to a social focus.

“Seated close by the funnel on the right and setting it a bad example by constantly smoking, is a tall, slight, foreign-looking gentleman, a famous Polish musician, Chevalier Pychowski. On the other side of the stove in a straight-backed kitchen chair is seated a slender wiry man, with long, curly black hair, heavy “burnsides” and large merry blue eyes laughing under shaggy brows. An alder pole,

*Written in 1916.

strapped to the chair back, holds in place a large cushion against which he rests his head. The gentleman is evidently an invalid. But he has a loud, merry laugh for an invalid. Later in the evening when music is called for, the invalid leaps to his feet, crosses the room with two bounds, clears the stairs with three, and returns with a violin. Standing in the middle of the room, he plays and dances to his own music, then settling almost to the floor, he leaps and wriggles through the most amazing and difficult contortions, meanwhile the music never failing a note. You who knew and loved Mr. Eugene B. Cook in the days of his athletic young manhood will understand with what quiet dignity Mr. Cook, after his rollicking outburst, settled back against his cushion and became a leader in that circle of brilliant talkers.

“Next to Mr. Cook, on the left of the stove, sits his sister, Madame Psychowska. No, that is wrong, come to think of it, for Madame Psychowska sits on both sides of the stove, before it, and behind it, in every nook and corner of the room, a most restless, agile, lovable little lady, whose flashing thought and rapier repartee found a match only in her daughter, the heroine of the “Howks.”

“By the table, within the glow of the great lamp, sits a man, over whose bearded face, as the talk goes round, flash boyish merriment and grave

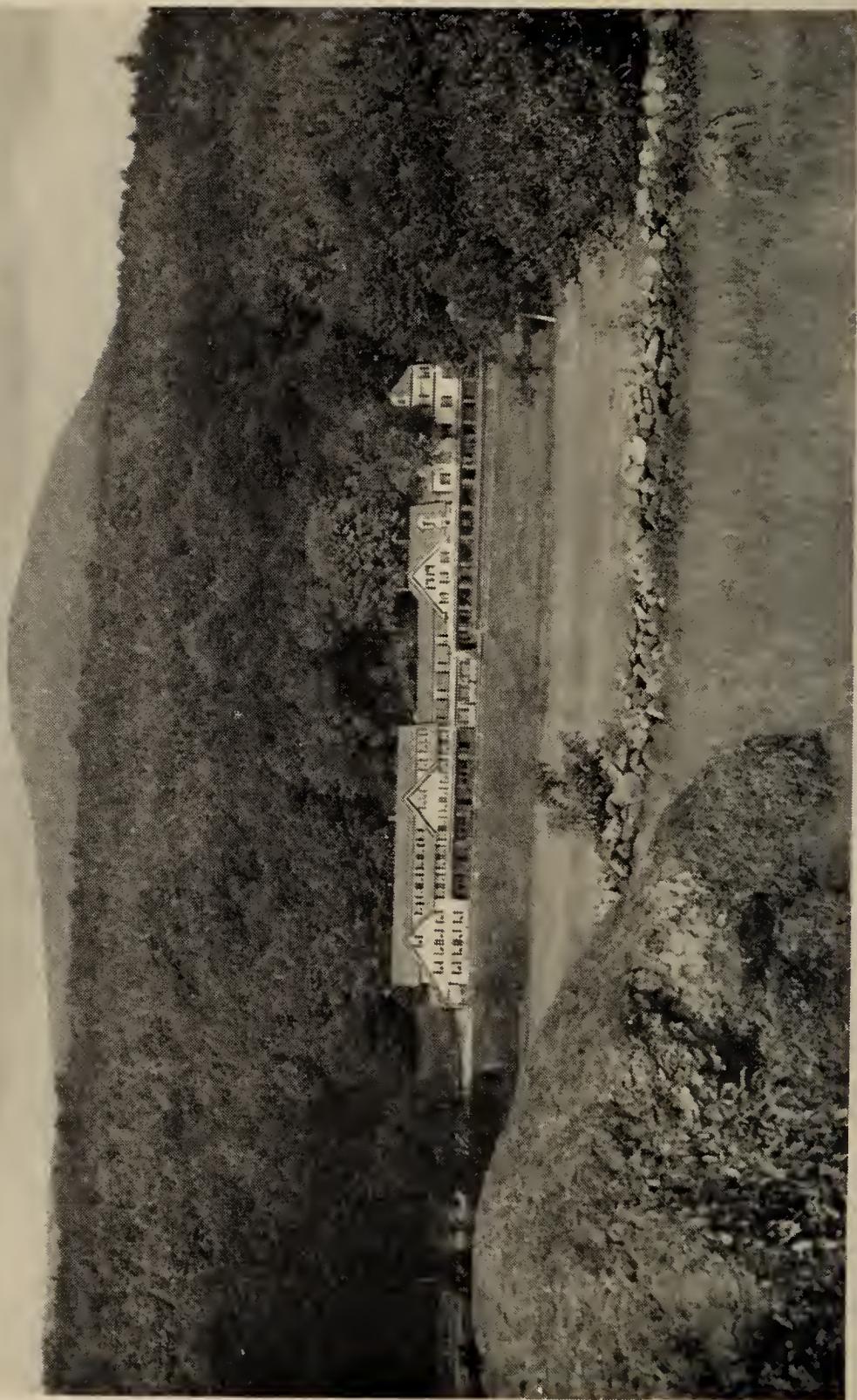
thoughtfulness like swift cloud shadows across the wind-swept slopes of Adams. Long a book seller and publisher, Wm. Peek, like James T. Fields, knew literature as only a lover of books and the personal friend of authors can know. Under his skilful leadership the talk, leaving fun and pun making, rises to noble heights, often enriched with quotations from Mr. Peek's exhaustless memory.

"We counted it rare good fortune when on an occasional evening, Professor J. Rayner Edmands, of Harvard, joined our circle. I see now his erect wiry figure, seated in a straight kitchen chair, leaning eagerly forward, his mobile, sunburned face all aglow with the enthusiasm of the lover of mountains, unfolding to us his plans for a system of paths and trails so comprehensive that only his abounding energy and resources would dare to undertake it.

"The last of that parlor circle that I now recall, before the stove, his feet upon the hearth, his scholarly face aglow in the firelight, punctuating his quick utterances with dots and dashes in the air with the poker, sits the 'Doctor.' ' ' *

In a few summers, the little house was more than filled. Over the winter snows the Watsons drew up the dry house of the starch factory on Wilcox Brook and made it into an annex of the hotel which they named Durand Hall. Of the third story they made a

*Dr. George A. Sargent of Boston.



THE RAVINE HOUSE IN 1924
Ravine House Company, *Proprietors*

public hall where for some years were held the annual town meetings, Christmas festivals and social functions. The time soon came when this third story was needed for hotel rooms. Then the town erected a town house with offices for the officials, and an ample hall for public gatherings.

Durand Hall sufficed for only a brief time. Then Mr. Watson built out on the north side of the now big house, took the roomy barns on the west, and built skyward in an effort to make room for the hundreds who now desired to come and enjoy the beauties of Randolph, and the hospitality of Laban and Anna Watson. As the seasons progressed small hardships gave place to comforts and comforts to luxuries within the house under the direction of Madame Cordelia Watson and her daughter. Outside the hotel, Abel and Laban Watson aided in pathmaking on the mountains, at home built croquet grounds, tennis courts and a bowling alley; and with a costly dam spread out the waters of the Moose into a clear lake for fishing, boating and bathing.

In 1909, the extensive Ravine House property was purchased by Mr. William D. Bradstreet, of Boston. That autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, after thirty-five years of most successful management of the constantly expanding hostelry, retired to Coldbrook Lodge, a new home they had prepared, there to

take up a new life of smaller responsibilities and well earned leisure.

Mr. Bradstreet, the new proprietor, organized the Ravine House Company, and enlarged the hotel domain by purchasing adjoining farms.

The house was greatly enlarged, and the different portions of the structure brought into architectural harmony. Under the direction of Mr. Frank Hill, the hotel gardener, the grounds have been made very beautiful with flower beds, shrubbery and vines. The winter-time attractions of the hotel are thus described in a recent prospectus:

“No place in New England is better adapted for bracing sport than Randolph. The Ravine House is ideally comfortable and cozy with its sun parlor, its generous fireplaces, steam heat in every room; and the snow lies deeper in Randolph than in most places in the White Mountains. It is a favorite resort with snowshoers, who find endless delight and exhilaration in its forests, ravines and slopes.”

The little farm boarding-house of 1877 has taken its place among the great and famous hotels of the White Mountains.

THE MOUNT CRESCENT HOUSE

A broad, level, breezy hill top rimmed about with a circle of magnificent mountains, God planned the crest of Randolph Hill for the site of a fine hotel. The

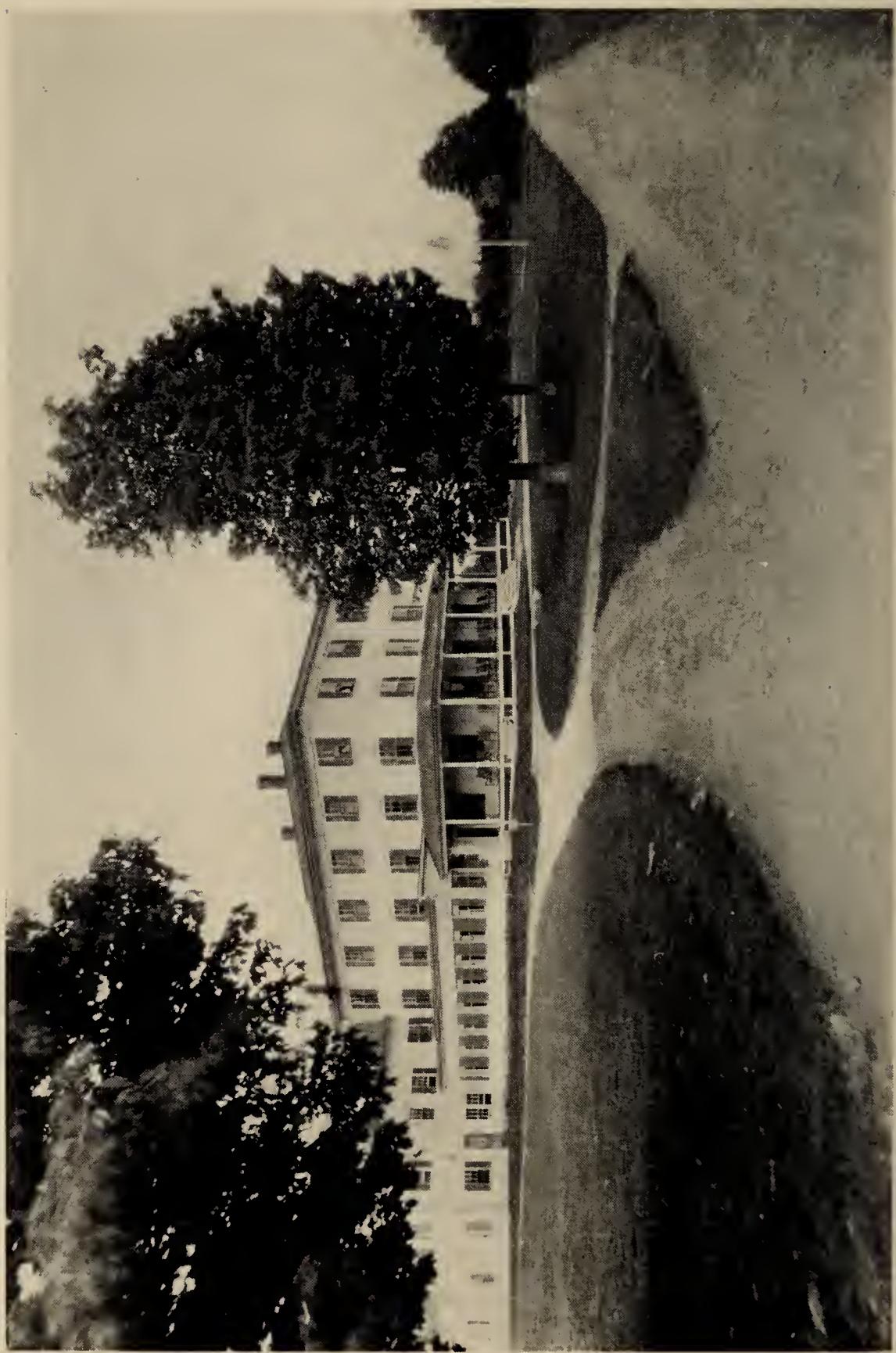
Durand pioneers chose their home sites with an eye keen for scenic beauty as well as utility. Here as early as 1800, Mark Pitman, on a Sunday morning, sat in the doorway of his cabin and looked off to the grandeur of Madison and Adams beyond the valley. Several settlers followed Pitman, Elaska Jackson, Silas Bumpus and Spofford Stevens. Thomas Boothman and his sons, Thomas and John, erected fine and commodious buildings. The house has survived two removals to new sites on this lot and is now Mrs. Cohen's comfortable cottage.

In the early spring of 1883, Randolph was taken by surprise by an announcement in the Gorham *Mountaineer*: "Ingalls Leighton is about to build on Randolph Hill a big house for summer boarders, to cost from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars." The rumor had good foundation. Early in the season the hill top was a busy place. The entire frame of the big house was hewed out with broad axe and adze and every stick fitted with great nicety under Mr. Leighton's personal direction. The raising of the heavy frame of so large a building was a great undertaking, to be accomplished only by a "raisin'." This "raisin'" was to be an anomaly in that it was to be "dry" without the lubrication of rum and cider. The entire town and Gorham Hill were invited to the raising. Fifty men and a goodly number of the women accepted the invitation. At

nine o'clock, on a beautiful June morning, the fifty men began moving the great timbers of the first band into place. Meanwhile the women set about their part in the kitchen of Mr. Leighton's home. At noon the workmen were called to a dinner served by the ladies in front of the future hotel. The tables were laden with dishes of beans and brown bread, mugs of coffee, heaped plates of cake, doughnuts, cheese, and pies of every known variety. Plates were filled and refilled to the capacity of every raiser.

At four o'clock all was in readiness for the raising of the last band, and the ladies who had conquered King Alcohol came forth to assist the last great beams into their rightful places. At six o'clock the skeleton of the future Mount Crescent House loomed against the sky. Then in front of the new structure the whole company formed a circle to witness and applaud an exciting series of wrestlings. The names of the victors and vanquished are not recorded "lest your correspondent should incriminate himself."

The new house made rapid progress and was opened for guests the following season. The Randolph Hill House was conducted for several seasons under the management of the builder, with increasing success. After the retirement of Mr. Ingalls Leighton the house was subjected to several changes



MOUNT CRESCENT HOUSE
John H. Boothman, *Proprietor*

in management; in a brief period under direction of Snow and Gracey, and Mr. Irving Leighton, the son of the first proprietor.

It is proverbial in Switzerland that experienced mountain guides are ambitious to become hotel men and prove most successful hosts. Mr. Charles E. Lowe, the widely known White Mountain guide, next became the manager and proprietor of the house. He proved a genial, hospitable and successful hotel man and continued in the management till his death in 1907.

For two years the house on the Hill was owned and managed by Mr. Lowe's son, Charles Lowe. Later the entire estate was purchased by Mrs. Edward Cohen, of Washington, long a summer resident on Randolph Hill. For a number of years, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. George, hotel managers of wide experience, more than sustained the good name the Lowes had given the house. The management of the Georges was succeeded by that of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Boothman who, in 1923, purchased the entire property.

It would be hard to determine in which vocation Mr. Boothman is more successful, as architect and builder or hotel proprietor. To him the Mount Crescent House is home. Though born at the Mountain View House, many of his boyhood days were spent on his grandfather's farm. Mrs. Boothman,

the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laban Watson, developed her inherited aptitude by the training of girlhood years at the Ravine House, till today she possesses a positive genius for making hotel guests comfortable and happy.

On June 25, 1894, the name Randolph Hill House was changed to the Mount Crescent House. Something can be read between the lines of the faded old registers. The same names recurring year after year betoken the satisfaction of guests, the increasing number of names each year the growing repute of the house.

On Memorial Day in 1897, and again in 1900, the season was opened by a reunion of John E. Willis Post, G. A. R., of Gorham, Relief Corps No. 60, and the Sons of Veterans. These meetings marked the beginning of what is destined to be an important feature of the Mount Crescent House. With the large airy rooms, the inspiring panorama of surrounding mountains, the homelike atmosphere, the Mount Crescent House will be a gathering place for clubs, scientific societies and literary associations in ever increasing numbers.

THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE

Lot 2 on Range 6, as the Mountain View House farm was once designated, was reclaimed very early. But the history of the hotel does not begin until about

1850, when the sailor farmer, James Gordon, sold his possessions to Benjamin Kelsey. Benjamin Kelsey was the brother of John Kelsey, whose large frame house on the brow of the hill at the east of the present Randolph church was the first to open its doors to summer boarders. But John Kelsey's house burned and the proprietor moved to Massachusetts.

It may be, that with a purpose for such a home for summer guests, Benjamin Kelsey bought and developed Gordon's farm. New and better buildings were immediate improvements. It is probable too, that as soon as he could furnish attractive accommodations, a few summer vacationists came to him even before the Civil War. To the farm and the care of guests, Benjamin Kelsey's son William succeeded. The house was adapted for ten or twelve guests. In those early days, summer people were content with more restricted quarters than at the present time. The modest house was known as Kelsey Cottage.

William Kelsey's sister Sarah married John Boothman and went to live on the farm of the future Mount Crescent House. Not many years later the Boothman family returned to Mrs. Boothman's girlhood home to assist her brother William in the management of Kelsey Cottage.

A generous table, a fine vegetable garden, the abundance of a productive farm, pleasant rooms, and

an atmosphere of home made the mountain cottage very popular. Extensive enlargements of the buildings to care for about thirty guests made Kelsey Cottage no longer an adequate name. The splendid panorama of near and distant mountains suggested the new name, "Mountain View House."

Upon the death of William Kelsey in 1909, the responsibility of the management of the house and farm devolved upon Mrs. Boothman and her daughters. The wise and generous management that had brought prosperity to the hotel was maintained.

The guests of the Mountain View House are happy in their surroundings and their associations with each other. They have the comfort without the constraint of a large hotel. The reputation of the house keeps it filled season after season. The same people come back year after year—a choice and congenial company—clergymen, college professors, educators and their families.

In 1923 occurred the death of Mrs. Sarah Kelsey Boothman, who for so many years kept pace with the increasing responsibilities of the hotel. But the experience, the energy, the hospitable spirit of Mrs. Boothman's daughters are certain to more than maintain the reputation of Randolph's third hotel—the Mountain View House.



MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
The Misses Boothman, *Proprietors*

THE COTTAGES

The Cottages

THE summer colony living in cottages in every part of the town has proved, in material gain and social uplift, Randolph's greatest asset. The beginning of cottage life was small and wholly accidental.

Some years previous to 1896, Jerome Leavitt's starch factory had been partly converted into a dwelling where Mr. L. M. Watson of the Ravine House domiciled his family during the summer season. The dilapidated building received the name of the "Ranch." In the summer of 1896, Mr. Watson offered the ranch to an applicant for rooms in the already crowded hotel. During that summer, Mr. George N. Cross, of Exeter, with his family and several friends lived there a summer life as happy as it was primitive. In the autumn, the tenant, impressed with the picturesque beauty of the spot, bought it and resolved to convert the ancient mill with its many quaint rooms, its log dam and great overshot waterwheel into a summer cottage.

Any plan for living in a cottage apart from the hotels was an innovation received with some consternation. "Where would cottagers obtain supplies?" "Would they not have to subsist largely on

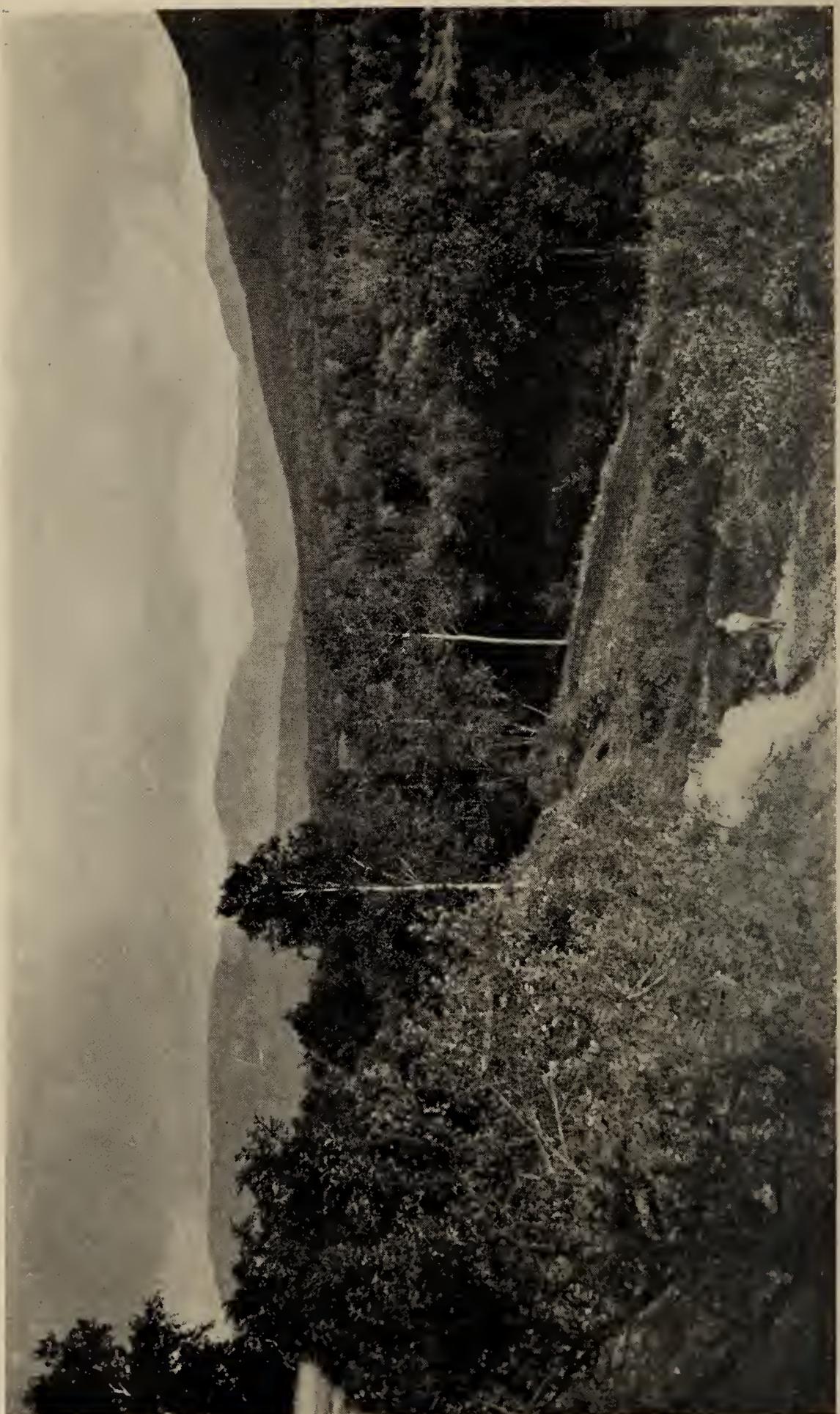
crackers and milk?" were inquiries with which the proposal was met.

Three summer vacations of hard manual toil by the new owner and his sons converted the old factory into a comfortable summer home. Green lawns and shrubbery and flower beds edged the banks of the rushing mill stream. The ranch became "Burnbrae," for twenty-seven years a home of ever-increasing comfort and happiness to Randolph's first cottagers.

In 1898, the late Professor C. C. Stearns, of Claremont, California, then a New England teacher, purchased the farm of the "Hermit," Hector McNeil. Professor Stearns's skilful hands converted the weather-stained old house into a pleasant cottage, with connecting kitchen like the country houses of the South. Here he lived many summers, extending and improving the acres of his farm, experimenting with sheep raising and building other picturesque cottages.

The desirability of life in cottages was soon recognized. A widespread desire for cottages grew up among the hotel guests. The price of desirable building lots rapidly advanced.

In 1900, Mr. Clarence Reid, an attorney of New York City and resident of Stamford, Conn., built the first modern shingled cottage on the high bank of the Moose below Eliot Brook. After the death of



THE CARTERS — FROM WOLLASTON LODGE

Mr. Reid, the property was purchased by Miss Sarah Williams, of New York. It is now owned by Mr. Charles A. Pinkham, of Boston.

In 1901, Mr. Eldredge H. Blood, of Lynn, Mass., built the "Spruces," a cottage nestling among the evergreens on the slope north of the highway in the valley. Mr. Blood improved the spruce forest around the cottage and extending along the Wilcox Brook into a beautiful grove. There he has built a rustic open-air theatre, where on summer evenings Randolph enjoys amateur entertainments.

By an early selection in lots offered, Miss Caroline A. Taylor, of Baltimore, was able to secure a very fine building site overlooking the lower part of the valley. There she erected a comfortable and home-like cottage. Choosing a word from a language of India with which she was familiar, Miss Taylor named her cottage "Khubsurat", "The pleasant place of peace." Such it was for many years. The Taylors made the house a centre of social life and generous hospitality. Dr. R. T. Taylor was long the president of Beaver College in Pennsylvania and later a Methodist preacher in Baltimore. After the deaths of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor and Miss Caroline Taylor, the surviving daughters seldom returned to "Khubsurat." Recently Miss Mary E. Waller, the noted novelist has resided there.

Before 1900, Rev. A. C. Nickerson, then of

Exeter, purchased a lot adjoining Mr. Blood's "Spruces" and there built a small cottage. Mrs. Nickerson, an ardent lover of Nature and growing things, cultivated all about the cottage flowers and vines until the little house became noted for its setting of leaf and bloom. The death of Mr. Nickerson occurred in the summer of 1923 at Needham, Mass.

In 1902, Mr. Albion Burbank, of Exeter, bought the Buzzell farm in the valley and began to convert the house into a cottage. In the midst of the rebuilding the rambling old house burned. Mr. Burbank then erected on the site a compact modern cottage which is now the property of Mr. Harry T. Burbank.

Bourne Cottage opposite Mr. Burbank's house was built by Mr. Jesse Bourne, of Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Bourne, a graduate of Technology, and a teacher of mechanic arts in the Haverhill High School, designed his cottage and built it largely with his own trained hands.

In 1901, Mrs. L. M. B. Schauffler, of Princeton, N. J., built "Sorgenfrei." This unique structure, designed by Professor Stearns, stands on a steep slope on Randolph Hill, overlooking the deep valley and across to near and distant mountains. "Sorgenfrei" is now owned by Mr. John H. Boothman.

In 1902, Dr. and Mrs. George A. Sargent, of Boston, bought of Mr. Walter Simonds the farm in the valley once owned by Henry Rich. They made into a cottage the long low farm house that overlooks the green valley through which winds the Moose. Later they built two other cottages in the ample grounds of "Lookoff."

A year later, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Cutter, of Salem, Mass., purchased of Mr. John P. Weeks the farm adjoining "Lookoff." They remodeled the house into the cottage "Echobank." Across the highway from Echobank stood an ancient "block house" of logs, built by J. W. Watson, probably about 1850. In 1904, Mr. Cutter made the block house into "Echo Cabin." In 1906 extensive alterations were made in Clematis Lodge which had been built by Mr. L. M. Watson some ten years earlier. In 1916, Mr. and Mrs. Cutter added a fourth to their group of cottages, "The Maples" in the shade of the great maple trees across the road.

In the great building summer of 1902, Mr. Augustus Simonds, of Haverhill, Mass., built "The Thornbush" on the bank of the Moose. Mr. Simonds, with his love for building, made his grounds attractive by means of a rustic bridge spanning a little gorge and leading to a rustic summer house. Within "The Thornbush" was made attractive with many carefully chosen, well-hung pictures.

On the bank of Eliot Brook, where once had stood the Ravine House store, Dr. Robert R. Andrews, of Cambridge, built in 1903 a large and costly residence. On the lawn he made a basin to receive the waters of the brook which a few feet beyond plunge down over the green river bank in a series of silvery cascades, "the Fount of the Fay." During Dr. Andrews's lifetime, "Brookside" was the scene of many social events. The beautiful place is now the property of the Ravine House Company and is known as "Fay Fount."

In the edge of the woodland above the Ravine House, Mr. Charles H. French, a wealthy manufacturer of Canton, Mass., has a quaint rustic bungalow which he has named "Abenakis Stockade" in memory of the powerful tribe of Indians that once ruled over the region of Coös.

Crowning the glacial ridge, overlooking the fields of the Moose, stands a substantial house built in 1904, by Dr. Charles F. Judson, a Philadelphia physician, who, from early young manhood, has tramped our mountain paths.

The following year, Professor Stearns added to his many possessions a small house among the birches above Scates Corner. "The Birches" is now owned by Mr. John H. Boothman.

Dr. Edward Y. Hincks, of the Andover Theological Seminary, was for several seasons a guest of the

Mountain View House. In 1906 he built "The Up-look" on the hillside between Scates Corner and the hotel.

It was in 1910 that Miss Sarah Dean, of New York, purchased a large tract of the forested slope west of the Ravine House. There among the large trees of many varieties, Miss Dean built a great roomy house, where each summer she is a glad hostess to many friends.

In 1911 and 1912, Dr. Howard Wells, a retired naval surgeon, built the cottage on the Hill which he named "Porcupine Lodge." The name is rather a misnomer—for during the doctor's lifetime and since, under the management of his daughter, the remote cottage has been a place of cheery welcome.

The architectural beauty of our scattered village was greatly enhanced when in 1912, Mrs. Theodore C. Pease, of Andover, Mass., placed her cottage a short distance from where the little red schoolhouse used to stand. Rooms adorned with books, pictures and mementos of extensive travel, flower beds and borders of bright bloom, make Mrs. Pease's home one of our most charming cottages.

Just before the beginning of the Great War, 1913 and 1914 were seasons of much building activity in Randolph. A commodious house was built for Dr. E. S. Cross, of Baltimore. Standing on a terrace far back from the road, the colonial house designed

by Dr. Cross himself, gleams white among the surrounding evergreens and suggests an architecture quite different from that of any other cottage in the community.

On the opposite side of the road from "Cross-lands" in those same seasons, Professor Arthur Stanley Pease, of Illinois State University, placed a bungalow of a new and most attractive style of architecture.

On the lands once cultivated by the Revolutionary patriot, Obadiah Mann, Miss Mary Ingham, of Malvern, Penn., has a cottage on a site that for years has been a favorite viewpoint—commanding the grand ridges and ravines of Adams and Jefferson.

The same season, Mr. John B. Brickelmeier, of Brooklyn, added to the cottages on the Hill a summer home, from the piazzas of which can be seen the grandeur of the Hill panorama.

Dr. George F. Moore, of Cambridge, who, with his family, was for many seasons a guest of the Mountain View House, in 1914 established himself in his new cottage among the trees on the eastern slope of the Hill.

In 1915, Professor Percy Bridgeman, of Harvard, became a cottager in a home on the Stearns farm. The following season saw another Harvard professor, Harvey N. Davis, settled on the Hill nearly opposite the cottage of Dr. Moore.



MUSIC ROOM AT "HIGHACRES"
On estate of Ernest Jackson

On the Stearns farm near the Hermitage, Mrs. E. Y. Hincks has a compact, convenient little cot, "The Hazelnut."

In 1915, Mr. Ernest Jackson, of Brooklyn, bought the farm on the Hill known as the Abel Jackson Place. Its fertile fields had a gentle southward slope and commanded mountain views unsurpassed. The following season, Mr. Jackson began converting the long neglected farm into a country estate, erected a fine house and a beautiful temple-like music room.

Mr. Jackson has not resided on his estate for several seasons. The cloud shadows sweep across the smooth lawns, the flowers bloom in the carefully kept beds summer after summer, while Mr. Jackson's friends and neighbors hope the time is not distant when he will return to beautiful "Highacres."

In a grove of great trees near the avenue leading to Highacres, Dean Stanley Coulter, of Purdue University, spends his summers in a long, low cabin in the breath of balsam boughs and the peace of the wide forest.

The years 1916, 17 and 18 brought many changes in the real estate on the Hill. The historic Joel Leighton farm was sold to Professor W. O. Crosby, the geologist, of Jamaica Plain, who built a new cottage and transformed the sightly old farmhouse

into a modern summer cottage. The farmhouse that was the early home of Ingalls Leighton was also made into a cottage; it is now the property of Dr. McGee, of Berlin.

In 1906, Mr. W. W. Scrugham, of Yonkers, N. Y., established his summer home on the valley road near Miss Ingham's cottage.

Not far distant from the Scrugham cottage, Dr. DeWitt, of Cambridge, Mass., has made on the farm of Mr. V. D. Lowe, a combination cottage and camp where a number of people can be made comfortable. It is now the property of Major Richards.

One of the very earliest of the summer abodes on the Hill is the Flagg cottage, near Professor Crosby's "Sky Farm."

Of about the same date as the Flagg cottage is the house designed and built by Mr. Bradley, of Short Hills, New Jersey. The Bradley cottage is now owned by Mrs. John Sperry, of Scituate, R. I.

In 1918, Mrs. Ernest J. Bauman, of New York City, built a fine cottage on the Hill road near Dr. Hincks's "Uplook."

In the early history of Randolph the fields at the end of the road on the Hill were home sites. In recent years they have been again claimed for dwelling places by Dean Bartlett, Rev. Dr. Ayres and the Misses Bartlett, of Philadelphia.

Miss Dean has shared her forested hill slope with Dr. Addison Gulick, of Missouri University, and Miss Dorothy Young, of New York City, who have built beautiful houses. These hillside dwellers deem themselves fortunate to have as near neighbors in cosy cottages in the breezy fields of Coldbrook Lodge, Miss Elizabeth E. Jones, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., and Miss Dema Gaylord, of Summit, N. J.

The beauty of the old home site of "Uncle" James Scates on the Hill has appealed to Dr. W. H. P. Hatch, of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, who, in 1920, located his cottage on that sightly spot.

Down the lane that used to lead to Abel Jackson's farm, Mr. W. O. Pray, of New York, years ago built a cottage among the trees, and in the sunlit spaces cultivated splendid flowers. Recently Mr. Pray removed to California. The cottage is now owned by Miss Ellen Yale Stevens, of Bellport, L. I. On the other side of the lane are the cottages of Professor Richards, of the Institute of Technology. Nearby lives another eminent Technology professor, Dr. A. H. Gill, of Canton, Mass.

Mr. Arthur Bent and Mr. Herbert Gregory have recently joined the cottage colony, one on the farm of Mr. Thaddeus Lowe, the other at Scates Corner.

Clustered around the Mount Crescent House for

the social pleasures and perhaps the excellent dining-room of the big house, are many cosy little cottages owned or occupied by Austin Pinkham, Mrs. Mary Bosworth, Arthur Mann, Mrs. Sara Francis, A. T. Dudley, the novelist, Mrs. Mary Johnson, Mrs. Ida Thurber, J. O. George, Mrs. Edward Cohen, Mrs. Edward Biddle, B. C. Smith, the Misses Shipley, G. F. Heilprin, Mrs. W. O. Pray, the Misses Wilcox, and Miss Elise Richards.

As these pages are written, another fine house is being built just across the road where, for thirty years, Hodgdon's log tavern ministered to weary travelers.

In the various parts of the town are seventy-five summer cottages, of many styles and plans of architecture. Nearly ninety percent of the designing, building, remodeling and repairing of these cottages has been done by Mr. John H. Boothman, and the greater part of the labor has been performed by the skilled mechanics of Randolph. They have cost from a few hundred to many thousands of dollars. They are the homes of people of plain living and high thinking, of men and women, who, in their summer life, gain from the mountains of Randolph renewed vigor, strength, and inspiration to do the great things of life.

THE RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB

The Randolph Mountain Club

LOUIS F. CUTTER

THE LUMBERING

IN the last years before the lumbering, the development of the path system at Randolph was rapid. Mr. Cook, though no longer young, was at work on the upper part of Howker and Gordon Ridges. The paths north of the highway were extending and improving under the hands of the Moores and Torreys. Mr. Edmands was busying himself with the Highland Path. The trail mileage within five miles of Ravine House had reached a total of about one hundred and four, of which about twenty-five miles were maintained by the A. M. C., and the rest were dependent for maintenance on the interest of private persons, mainly those who had made them.

Then the blow fell. In 1903-4 the forests were cut on Mt. Bowman and the Israel watershed, and successively thereafter Nowell Ridge, King's Ravine, and Durand, Gordon and Howker Ridges were lumbered. It was not a clean cut: spruce, mainly was desired, and many of the hardwood trees were left standing. The lower slopes, where the woods were of mixed growth, were (to outward appearance) but little altered, though they lost their

sprinkling of black spires. But on the middle slopes the growth was, in places, almost pure spruce (and of splendid dimensions), and in these places the ground was denuded. On the steep upper slopes (if any valuable timber was standing) it was deemed necessary to cut clean, worthless and valuable trees together, in order to extricate the few logs of commercial value and roll them down to the logging roads.

The effect on the paths varied in different parts of the area. The owners, the Browns of Portland, who had purchased from the Browns of Whitefield, gave instructions to their contractors to keep the principal trails clear, so far as might be practicable. Some of the contractors, however, did not fully carry out these orders. A considerable mileage of trails was utterly destroyed and lost. Other trails were so obstructed by trash as to be impassable, and some of the latter were so covered and changed that it was not easy even to find them. A large mileage on the upper slopes of the ridges and in the inner parts of the ravines, beyond the scope of the lumbering, was untouched, but cut off and rendered inaccessible by the destruction of the lower paths. Such were the paths in Cascade Ravine and those on Gordon Ridge. On the other hand, excellent logging roads had been made, which, in some cases, have proved to be acceptable substitutes for the paths destroyed.



J. RAYNOR EDMANDS

Enlarged from a group photograph taken in 1885

Mr. Edmands, who, during the lumbering had suspended his path work at Randolph, had planned to return there after the lumbering had ceased, to restore his paths and to finish the Highland Path. In the autumn of 1909 it was reported that he would come back to Randolph the next summer. His death occurred early in 1910.

Such was the state of things. The work of many years had been undone, and would be wholly lost if the paths were now neglected. Those of the pioneer pathmakers (Peek, Cook and Watson) who were still with us were growing old and could not (nor ought they to be expected to) do over again the work of their prime. Mr. Edmands was gone; on whose liberal expenditure and careful engineering we had too much depended. Sargent's health no longer permitted path work. All were wondering what ought to be done, when, in the spring of 1910, Mr. John H. Boothman proposed and urged the formation of some agency to put the paths in order. In August, 1910, the Randolph Mountain Club was formed; its object to promote the enjoyment of Randolph's forests and mountains; its first task to restore the trails.

STRUCTURE OF THE CLUB

The simple and effective organic structure was this: The members, at the annual meeting (always

on the second Saturday in August) elect an executive committee—originally five, now six—they to choose from their number a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. Since the club's incorporation under the laws of New Hampshire, it is necessary to elect also a clerk who must be a legal resident of the State. The executive committee (subject to instruction from the club) controls the budget, decides on the adoption or relinquishment of club paths, appoints and controls committees to promote and guide the various club activities (such as the care of paths, care of camps, excursions, annual picnic, recruiting of members and the like), and also appoints committees for special purposes when required. The office of president was filled by the Rev. Dr. Hincks, from the beginning until 1922, when, declining re-election, he was succeeded by Dr. Arthur Stanley Pease, the present incumbent.

Membership in the club is voluntary. Anyone who wishes may send the annual dues, one dollar, to the treasurer, and be enrolled as a member. Contributing members send two dollars yearly, and those whose annual contribution is five dollars are sustaining members. In 1923, 214 members paid their dues. Sixty-five of these were contributing and twenty-two were sustaining members.

In 1915, the Randolph Mountain Club was incorporated under the laws of the State of New Hamp-

shire. When the New England Trail Conference was formed, the club participated, and has had delegates at all the annual meetings of the conference.

THE PATHS

In 1911, the new club, partly by volunteer and partly by hired labor, cleared a great part of the more important trails (other than the Edmands Paths and those maintained by the A. M. C.). Early in 1910 the A. M. C. had appointed a committee to consider the Edmands Paths. This committee and the governing board of the R. M. C. communicated with the late Mrs. Southard, niece of Mr. Edmands, and wife of the executor of his will. It was found that Mrs. Southard wished to retain control of the Edmands Paths and camps (except the Valley Way which she gave to the A. M. C.), but that she could not devote to them so much care and money as Mr. Edmands had given, and would welcome our help in maintaining them. Later she gave the Link, Randolph Path and the Short Line to the R. M. C. and the Israel Ridge Path to the A. M. C.

In the meantime the R. M. C. made considerable progress in clearing the Randolph Path and the Short Line.

The excellent logging roads left by the lumbermen furnished the route for several new paths which were

opened about this time, partly to take the place of old paths destroyed or superseded. Bumpus Road, the new Beechwood Way, and the new Amphibrach are examples. Similarly the A. M. C. used a logging road to take the place of the lower end of Israel Ridge Path, destroyed in the lumbering, and to serve as an entrance to Castle Path.

In 1912 the first path census was taken of paths within a five-mile radius of Ravine House. It was found that there were (of paths sufficiently important to be shown on the map) thirty-four miles maintained by the A. M. C., forty miles maintained by the R. M. C. and thirty-five miles of other paths maintained by individuals or not maintained at all. In all, there were 109 miles of trail within the radius mentioned.

In recent years considerations of convenient administration and the policy of the A. M. C. to concern itself mainly with the through paths, leaving the local trails to the local societies, has led, at several times, to an exchange of paths with the A. M. C. In this way the A. M. C. has acquired the former R. M. C. paths to Mt. Success, Goose Eye and Mahoosuc Notch, and the trail to Arethusa Fall, while the R. M. C. has assumed responsibility for the Ice Gulch and Pond of Safety Paths, the

*The trail census of 1920, compiled by the N. E. Trail Conference, credits the R. M. C. with a mileage of seventy-four. A part of this mileage is outside the five-mile limit above referred to.

Cascade Ravine and Cabin Cascades trails, and Lowe's Path to King's Ravine.

THE LINK

Of all the Edmands Paths, none, in the lumbering, suffered more than the Link. This path was made in 1893 as a connecting "link," giving access from the region of Ravine House to the various paths ascending the Nowell, Israel and Castellated Ridges. Crossing Coldbrook a little below Coldbrook Fall, where the Memorial Bridge is now building, it swung around the lower slopes of Nowell Ridge to Cascade Camp, and then skirted Israel Ridge to a crossing of Castle Brook near the headwall of Castle Ravine, from which point it ascended the Castellated Ridge, and joined Castle Path a little below the Castles. The lumbering utterly destroyed the ungraded portion from Cascade Camp to Castle Brook. Since the lumbering, nobody has been able to trace the path more than a few hundred feet from the camp. The graded portion leading from Ravine House to Cascade Camp was so filled with slash and so obstructed with the saplings that sprang up before it could be cleared, that it was impassable and very difficult to trace. The partially graded portion from Castle Brook to the Castle Path was unharmed by the lumbering, which did not extend so high, but was wholly cut off and rendered inaccessible by the

wreckage below. The task of reopening the Link from Ravine House to Cascade Camp was accomplished with great labor in 1911, 1912 and 1913, under the supervision of Mr. E. H. Blood. The section from Castle Brook to Castle Path remained unused in the woods until its lower end was made accessible in 1917 by the construction of the Castle Ravine Path.

VOLUNTEER PATH WORK

The heavy work of reopening the paths through the trash was done mainly by hired labor. Other lighter path work was done largely by club members, either individually or in small parties going out for the purpose, or else in larger parties arranged by general invitation to the membership or in connection with club excursions or picnics. Such work was the extension of the Brookside above Duck Fall by Dr. Judson and Messrs. Cutter, Thordike and Chase; the Riverbank made by Dr. Pease; the Town Line Brook Trail by a club party; the Castle Ravine Path made by a number of volunteer parties in several successive years, inspired mainly by Dr. Judson. Sphinx Path, leading through an off-shoot of the Great Gulf, was made by two volunteer parties and through the help of a money gift from a member. The pleasure paths in Cascade Ravine were cleared by volunteers at the time of the several annual picnics at Cascade Camp.

The path-clearing parties are among the most pleasant of the club's activities. On these delightful occasions each person is expected to do some work, but none is urged to work beyond his strength or desire. Men, women and children take each his favorite implement: axe, pruners, grass hook. Those experienced in pathmaking determine the route (if that has not been done already by a scouting party) and mark it with white string. Some cut through the tangled branches of fallen trees and chop out the logs. Some cut the small saplings that are in the way, and trim the side branches that tend to overhang the path. Others cut weeds and brambles, or with gloved hands pull up the baby trees and hobble bush. Still others (and the last shall be first) throw out of the path the branches that have been cut, or blaze the trees and put up temporary signs.

PATHS AWAY FROM RANDOLPH

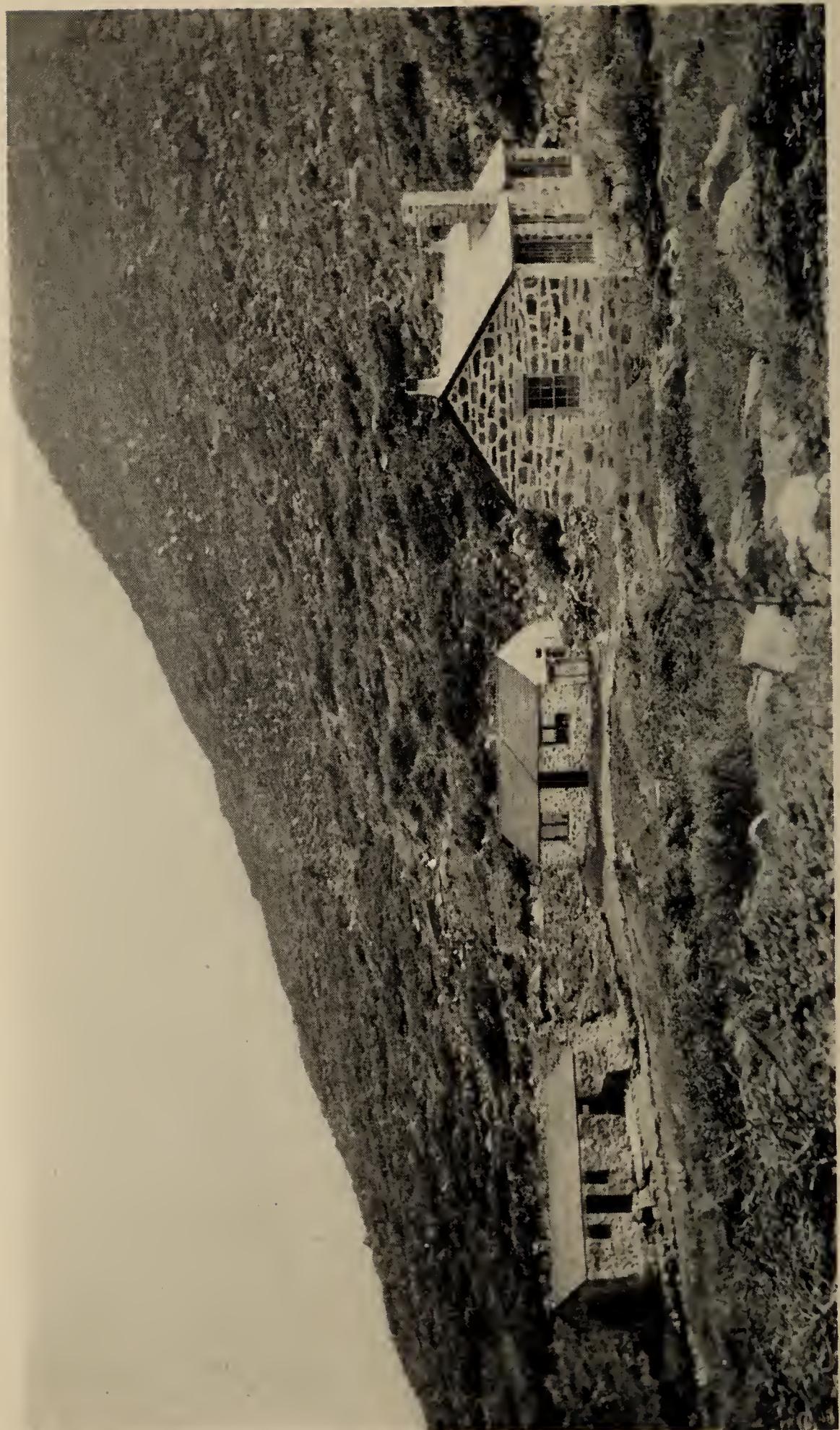
Small parties of members made trails from Success Pond Road to Mts. Success and Goose Eye. On several of the club excursions at a distance from Randolph, trails were made or improved. Such were the trail to Owl's Head in Jefferson, the old trail reopened from the railroad to Arethusa Fall in Crawford Glen, and the old logging road cleared and marked from Success Pond Road to Mahoosuc Notch. Of those above mentioned, the trails to

Arethusa Fall, to Mt. Success, to Goose Eye and to Mahoosuc Notch are now A. M. C. paths.

CAMPS

Cascade Camp, built by Mr. Edmands in 1892, was given by Mrs. Southard in 1912 to be held by the club so long as the club should keep it in repair. In the same year it was thoroughly repaired under Mr. Blood's supervision. The Perch, built by Mr. Edmands at the same time as Cascade Camp, was later given to the club by Mrs. Southard. In 1921 or 1922 the Perch was thoroughly repaired under the supervision of Mr. Irving Crosby.

The Log Cabin was built by Rev. Dr. William G. Nowell (with the aid of others) about 1890, and was the first permanent camp on the northern slope. For many seasons it was occupied by Dr. Nowell. After Dr. Nowell could no longer use the cabin, his rights, which had been conveyed to Mr. T. S. Lowe, were purchased by the club, and the interest of Mr. Stearns was acquired by gift. Extensive repairs were made in 1922-23 under Mr. Irving Crosby's supervision; funds having been raised by a special subscription. The three camps are on the National Forest, and are held by the club, through consent of the Forest Service, on condition that they be kept in repair, and that they be open for the use of the public under suitable regulations.



MADISON SPRING HUTS

Owned and maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club

“RANDOLPH PATHS”

In 1917, in compliance with a vote of the club, a booklet, “Randolph Paths” by Frank H. Chase and Louis F. Cutter was printed. This is a book of suggestions for walks at Randolph, with distances, also an account of the club and its camps.

ANNUAL MEETINGS

Usually, after the business of the annual meeting, an address is read, prepared by some member at the president’s request. Several of these papers have been printed in *Appalachia*.

EXCURSIONS

Each season several excursions are made, some on foot to points in or near Randolph, some by train or by automobile to points at a distance. All persons, whether members or not, are invited. The excursions are conducted without formality and without rigid rules of leadership. The excursions often break up into several parts for visiting different points. Each person provides his own luncheon.

ANNUAL PICNICS

Annual picnics have been held at points not difficult of access. For several years the annual picnic was at Cascade Camp. Others were at Pine Mountain, Triple Falls, Rollo Fall and Bumpus

Brook. In very recent years it has been found desirable to make the picnic accessible to every member, and a site has been chosen on Coldbrook, near Coldbrook Lodge. Nearby, a natural amphitheatre, a little withdrawn from the noise of the brook, is available for charades, stories and singing in the afternoon.

All persons are invited to the picnics. They come and go when they please, and bring their own luncheons. A fire is built, and the club provides coffee (and generally tea) at noon. For many years Mrs. F. H. Chase was the dispenser of coffee. The rubbish is burned, and when all is safe the picnic is over.

The picnic at Rollo Fall was notable for the beginning of President Hinck's chronicle of "Rollo in Randolph." Most notable of all was the picnic at Cascade Camp on the occasion of the completion of the repairs in 1912. Well may this chapter end with two letters received by a member who could not be present on that and another occasion.

Randolph, Sept. 4, 1912.

Dear —

Today was the Randolph Mountain Club picnic at Cascade Camp. About six weeks ago, Mr. Edmands' niece, Mrs. Southard, gave the camp to the club to hold as long as the club would keep it in repair. For the last fortnight or so, Mr. Blood and

several men have been working to repair it, and now the work is finished. Inside, a part of the floor has been relaid. The framework of peeled spruce poles remains as it was when Mr. Edmands built it twenty years ago. The original covering of "Red Rope" paper remains in place; a few holes have been patched. On the roof, another layer of "Red Rope" paper has been put over the old paper, and, instead of the protective outer covering of birch bark, a new outer covering of long shingles, split by hand from spruce logs, has been applied. On the sides of the camp, the old covering of birch bark remains. I think the camp is even more picturesque than before, and I do not see why it should not last for a very long time.

Today was the first day without any rain for a long time, and was a beautiful day for the picnic. Unfortunately Mr. Blood couldn't be there, for he had to go to Portland. It was very appropriate that Thorndike should be at a picnic to celebrate the repairing of the camp, as he was with Mr. Edmands when Cascade Camp, Cliff Shelter, and the Perch were built, and helped in all three pieces of work.

Several of us went to Bowman on the early train, and walked in, improving the paths on the way. Others arrived from time to time. Soon enough men were available to make up a chopping party to clear a part of the Israel Ridge Path. When that was

nearly done, Stanley Pease was left to finish the chopping. Dr. Judson and Thorndike started to clear and mark an old trail along the brook, leading to the head of the fourth cascade, while Mr. Chase and Osgood went up another trail to cut out some large windfalls.

Meanwhile Mrs. Chase was making the tea and coffee for those who were assembling, and when we returned to camp we found the luncheon in progress. In all, thirty-eight persons were present at the picnic, though not all were at the camp at any one time.

After luncheon, some went on a ramble to see the lower cascade with President Hincks. Stanley Pease reconnoitered the part of the Link beyond the camp (where it was badly injured by the lumbering). Thorndike led a ramble (four ladies and three men) over the old trail that he had reopened in the morning. Others started home or went on individual walks, while a few of us worked on the Cascade Ravine trail from the camp to the Forks of Israel. We walked out to Bowman and home by the road.

Randolph, Aug. 29, 1913.

Dear —

This year the R. M. C. picnic was a great success. About eighty-three persons were there. They did not all come at the same time, but came and

went as they pleased, and by different routes. The club furnished hot coffee and tea, dispensed by Mrs. Chase as last year. Each person brought his own eatables, and the loaves and fishes (sardines) which remained served the Buckinghams for a night's camping at Cascade Camp (which was the site of the picnic) and for an excursion the next day to the Perch. Volunteers from the picnic did some path work, clearing very thoroughly the Cascade Ravine Trail from Cascade Camp to the Forks of Israel, and clearing pretty well a connecting path.

“Come by railroad if you like,
Come by shank's mare up the pike
Come by auto, team or bike,
Or by Link Path on the hike.”

said the poster. The majority of those who accepted chose the Link.

That was August 19. Last Thursday, August 27, there was a club camp-fire at The Spruces, Mr. Blood's place. A natural slope in the spruce woods was provided with log seats, and a stage with proscenium of birch and spruce trees, with some cut-down trees set to screen the wings. The background of the scene was of tall spruces and a little bark-covered hut with door opening on the stage.

The lighting of the stage was by automobile

lamps placed in the rear of the auditorium, with devices for throwing the light to any part of the stage and for varying its color. Invitations had been sent to all families in Randolph, and to all guests at the hotels.

About three hundred and fifty people were there. They found their way to the theater by a path bordered on both sides by strings of Japanese lanterns. After an opening speech by the president, Mr. Cross announced a fairy play by the "Greenenough Association" from the Ravine House. They intended to give a little play by Oliver Herford, and had ordered the books, but the books did not arrive, so they had to write their own. It was a variant of the Sleeping Beauty story, with George McDonald's idea of the princess who waxed and waned with the moon.

The good fairies were Theodora and one of the Johnsons, the prince was Florence Peek. I do not know who the bad fairy was. The princess was Hazel Peek, who danced beautifully in the moonlight. There was a dance of the fairies, two good and one bad, about the caldron where the evil fairy was making her bad broth. When the prince kissed the princess, the wedding guests were rather abruptly called in, and they danced an old English dance in ridiculous costumes.

Next came a charade, Paw-queue-pine, by the

Mountain View people. In the last syllable, Allelu Stearns danced to an Irish lilt. To represent the whole word, a weary tramp lay down to spend the night without a fire. After he had gone to sleep, a single porcupine entered. The gait and voice were well imitated. He found the camper, and saw a chance of revenge for his cousin slain. He summoned his friends from Mossy Glen and King's Ravine and Bumpus Basin, and singing, "We'll quill him, we'll quill him; we'll quill him till we kill him," they moved upon the sleeper and the scene was over.

After popcorn had been passed around, there was an opera! "Laugh-an-grin," by the Mt. Crescent House and nearby cottages. Else was accused of wrongfully withholding two shares of the Mt. Crescent Water Co., and a charge was trumped up that she had murdered her brother by walking him over a long list of trails. When a champion was called for, he arrived, riding on a porcupine, and fought a chopping contest with the accuser.

I have not time to write more about the opera. When it was over, pointed sticks were handed around, with great trays of marshmallows. During the "literary exercises" a great fire of logs had been burning to coals, and was all ready for the toasting. Gradually the assemblage melted away, and the camp-fire was over.

WILD ANIMALS AND HUNTING

Wild Animals and Hunting in Randolph

VYRON D. LOWE, *Game Warden*

IT is with a great deal of misgiving that I venture to write anything at all about the animals of Randolph. I feel there are others who could do it much better. But I have been asked to do it and will try to put out something. There may be something of interest to some who are not familiar with the ways and habits of the beasts and birds of this beautiful town.

My earliest recollection of any wild beast was one day in the early fall when my father came home with some other men, bringing on his back a big box trap and inside was a Canada lynx; at that time a lynx was a very rare animal. This was not a very big one but at that time he looked big to me. I remember we used to feed him rabbits; he would never eat when we were looking at him but in the morning the rabbit would be all eaten. We kept him quite a long time but after he had pulled a half dozen nice hens through the bars and eaten them Father made up his mind it was cheaper to kill him than to keep him. That was the last that I remember of a lynx for more than thirty years. Then they

began to come back, and now for the last five or six years they have been so numerous as to be a serious menace to the small game. Quite often they kill deer. At the present time there is a bounty of twenty dollars on their heads.

The next I remember was being in the barn one stormy day in winter. Father and someone else—who I don't remember—came into the barn with a deer. They covered it up with buckwheat straw and told us boys not to say anything about it. It doesn't seem to me that it could have been on account of the law for there was no law on deer at that time.

I was only seven years old then and for the next ten years deer were quite a common sight. Men from Twin Mountain and Littleton used to come to go deer hunting with Father. Charles Parcher of Whitefield was another man who, I remember, used to come to hunt with Father. If they got a deer there was a great time in the evening talking over the hunt of the day. Parcher had a dog, half greyhound and half foxhound, which he claimed could catch a deer in an hour's run. Father's dog was a yellow cur but he was always in at the finish. About this time the deer began to disappear and in a few years it was almost impossible to find a deer anywhere. But there was one place where it was always possible to find a yard of deer and that was on the top of Bowman Mountain—I suppose they felt safe up there for

it is a very hard mountain to climb on snowshoes. Deer hunting was given up by nearly all the old time hunters.

But my own deer hunting was begun about three years before this. As I was going over my trap line one day I found where someone or something had driven a deer across my line. That night I told the folks at home I was going after a deer the next morning, which I did much against the wishes of my mother and sisters. I took with me a half grown pup, mixed collie and foxhound, which afterward became the best deer dog in the county. There was a hard crust with about three inches of loose snow on top. We first found fresh tracks of the deer near Point Lookout and jumped him in the spruces at the west of the Ledge. The pup went after him and I went after the pup. I tripped on my showshoes, fell and lost my gun. The gun slid on the crust under the snow for a long ways and I was more than two hours hunting before I found it. Then I went on down the mountain looking for the dog and deer. I found where the dog had caught the deer and where the deer had licked the dog. The dog had made a bee line for home and the deer had gone on down the mountain. I followed the deer until I saw that he would cross the road; I then went home and found the dog with a broken jaw where the deer had struck him.

Bright and early the next morning I was on his track. The dog found him first but would only bark at him. However, that was enough and I soon had a chance to shoot, which I did. I was very proud of my first deer and wanted to take him home by the way of the Ravine House and the highway, but it was closed season and I was afraid the game warden would see me—although I knew he would be apt to hear of it even if he did not see me. I tied a rope to his hind leg and started home with him, but this was hard work, so I tied it around his neck and it went better after that.

About 1903 deer began to increase; from then on until the years 1902-13 and 14, which was the time they were the greatest in number, it was an easy matter to get a deer. The sportsmen came to Randolph after their deer not only because it was easier and cheaper but because there were more deer than in Maine, where they had formerly hunted. Around the Pond of Safety and all down the Ammonoosuc River there was a network of trails and paths that one could follow for miles.

At Pond of Safety I have seen as many as nine deer feeding on the lilies and bushes that grow around the shore—all in sight at one time. I think the largest number I ever saw at one time was sixteen. These were down on the burnt over ground near what is known as Camp Nineteen. They were all in one

drove and it was a very pretty sight to watch them as they came out of the green timber and worked around in the burn. There has been a gradual decrease in their numbers since then. But even now there are deer enough for everyone who is willing to work for them. It is due to summer shooting and jacking that there is a decrease. Given an even chance, they would increase even though there are a great many more hunters now than formerly. There are about four thousand killed in the state each year. Reckon these at the very low price of ten dollars for each animal and it will readily be seen that they are of great value to the farmer (and the workmen) not to mention the sporting camps and the guides who each year make it a business to cater to the city sportsman. It is a safe bet that for every deer taken out there will be left in the state a hundred dollars. The deer is a great animal and long may he live!

THE BEAR

Now we come to the bear, that very much abused and maligned animal. Of all the animals that we have here he is the most shy and retiring. All he asks is to be left alone and he will let others alone. He is very hard to hunt and it is only in years when his food is very scarce that he is seen near the openings at all. Unlike the deer, the bear is an animal that follows his feed. If there are nuts in Randolph then

he stays at home. If not he goes where there are nuts. Some years there will be a lot of bears shot and other years hardly any. It is not because there are fewer bears but because they have moved where there is better feeding ground. Bears live on roots, ants, and the blossoms of the different plants in the spring and summer; in the fall on nuts, apples, and sometimes on sweet corn if planted near the woods. They have never been known to attack man unless in defence of their young. They very seldom kill stock; an old bear will kill young calves or perhaps a sheep, but they get the blame for a great many sheep that are really killed by dogs.

Bears are very fond of water and you may be sure of getting them if you can only find their wallow, which is usually a nice cold spring somewhere in a swamp. I know of one such wallow where there must have been a whole family using it for a great many years. Near the wallow was a big hemlock which they evidently used for a bath towel—the tree was dead, the bark all rubbed off and the wood smooth as if it had been polished, as indeed it had by numberless rubbings. There were four distinct trails leading into this wallow, and for a hundred feet around it all the small trees and bushes were broken and dead. There were scratches on the big tree away above my reach indicating that a very large bear had made some of the scratches on this tree.

In all of my hunting I have never known a bear to turn on a man but once and that one was wounded so that he could not get away. I remember it was a cold rainy day in November. I left the house about four in the afternoon taking a shotgun with me. I knew I was after a bear but I had no rifle and I wanted the bear. He was feeding on apples near Bowman Station, back in the woods in a little opening. I climbed to about the middle of a good-sized spruce that stood near the apple tree and got ready to shoot when he came. I had only been there about twenty minutes when he came and I must confess he looked a whole lot bigger than he really was. I only had three charges of buckshot; the rest was all small birdshot. The bear was about fifty feet from me when I fired at him first. I aimed for his head, he jumped and ran, I fired again this time for his middle but he kept right on going. I climbed down out of the tree and felt very much disgusted for I thought I had been guilty of "buck fever" and had overshot the bear. But I soon found blood—lots of it. I followed the bear until I found where he had crossed the river. I saw him soon after this and fired my last charge of buckshot at him. Then he turned on me, his mouth wide open and dripping blood. He was grunting for all the world just like an old sow when she thinks you are going to get her young pigs. I fired at his face and was lucky enough to put

out both his eyes. Then I ran, how I did run! I got over a big hemlock log and he came along and tried to get over it too, but he was nearly all in. Whenever I would move he would make a jump in my direction. I cut a club and finished him with that. Five of my first shot had struck him in the head and mouth, breaking out a lot of his big teeth but not doing much damage. The second shot had struck him fair in the middle and must have cut some artery for he did not go more than a half mile before I came up with him. When I got him home he weighed over three hundred pounds and was very fat. I have some of the oil that came from him on my shelf to this day. It is very good to prevent metal from rusting. I use it on my guns when I put them away after the hunting season closes.

I have seen but two bears that had any white on them. One I shot a long time ago had a small white spot on his rump. The other I got in the fall of 1923 had a large white spot in the center of her breast. This one was a female with two cubs but they showed no white. Of the seven bears that I shot in the fall of 1923 this was the largest, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. It can readily be seen that they were not very big bears.

In the spring, when the bears first come out of their den, there is very little for them to eat and if you take the trouble to follow them you will find

that they do not go back to the winter den once they have left it. You will also find that wherever they spend a night they take the trouble to build a regular bough bed. They will climb up a small fir or spruce, break off the branches and pile them in a hollow which they have scooped out of the snow. The branches really are arranged in a very systematic way—tips all pointing in. I have seen several of these beds and they are all the same. If there are two bears there will be two beds.

If you want to trap a bear you have to go about it right. There is no use in putting a trap in any old place just because it is in the forest, for the chances are all with the bear. You must first find what the trappers know as a bear range and on this range you will find fir trees that are clawed each year by the bears. Near this range you will stand a very good chance of getting a bear if you use the right kind of bait. Scorched honeycomb and molasses with any kind of fruit is the best bait to use. A bear will never touch decayed meat if he can find enough to eat without it.

Bears are very easy to approach when they are eating. I have driven my car to within three hundred feet of them, then got out and walked near enough to kill them with a shotgun. I have known them to walk between two men who were not over fifty feet apart, but when they are done eating and are on

the alert it is almost impossible to still hunt them. Sometimes on good soft snow you may be able to do it but the chances are against you.

THE FISHER CAT

In writing of the animals of Randolph it would not be fair to leave out the "fisher cat." But why fisher cat? He is no more a cat than a fox is. He is of the marten family and the largest of them all.

He is very seldom seen by man when in his native wilds, and I think it is safe to say never unless that man is hunting him and making a business of it. There are very few of these animals left in the New Hampshire woods but the mountains around Randolph seem to be a favorite place for them and some are taken here every season. I think it is safe to say that T. S. Lowe gets more of them than any other one man in town. The big hardwood ridge back of his home seems to be a favorite hunting ground of the "fisher." The fisher is very fond of hedgehogs and it is no uncommon thing to find where a whole family of hedgehogs has been killed by this vicious little animal. The quills of a hedgehog will not work into a fisher as they will into any other animal. Nature has given him two skins so to speak and one never finds the quills in the flesh but always in between these two skins. I have killed old male fishers with more than fifty quills in them but all

were lying flat and between these two skins. There is something about this inner skin, if we may call it that, that either dissolves the point of a quill or turns it. The fisher is the most valuable of all our wild fur-bearing animals found in New Hampshire. Their skins bring from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars, although one hundred and twenty dollars is the most that I ever got for a single skin and this was of a male, very dark, sixty-three inches long and a most beautiful skin. The usual price is around eighty-five dollars. They are very easy to trap and I suppose that is the chief reason why they are so scarce. They will walk into any kind of a trap if it is placed so that the snow will not cover it up and the bait is what they like; they are not very fussy as to bait. One thing about the fisher that puts him in the outlaw class is that when he finds or kills more meat than he can eat at one time he fouls the rest so that other animals will not touch it. Then he goes to his den in some ledge to sleep, secure in the thought that his next meal is ready for him.

NOTES ON THE RANDOLPH FLORA

Notes on the Randolph Flora

PROFESSOR ARTHUR STANLEY PEASE

THE last glacial period saw Randolph deep beneath the ice-sheet of the continental glacier, which extended over even the highest summits of the Presidential Range. Under such conditions vegetation could obviously not exist, but at the end of the glacial epoch the northward-retiring edge of the melting ice was closely followed by plants whose habits were tolerant of cold, until, passing far beyond the White Mountain region, they established themselves in more permanent homes in proximity to the unfailing ice and snows of the arctic. Behind these pioneers in the pursuit of the retreating foe came rank after rank of other plants, less and less bold, making their way northward through the varied agencies of wind-blown, downy and winged seeds or of animals which sometimes transported their edible fruits or again unconsciously carried in their fur tenaciously grasping burs. Willows and poplars, with their lightly flying seeds, moved rapidly and far, the coniferous trees kept pace, perhaps by the aid of squirrels and similar animals; birds carried the wild cherries and raspberries and strawberries; but the trees with heavy nuts—the

oaks, chestnuts, hickories, and others—traveled more slowly, and have not yet reached or acclimated themselves in the extreme conditions of the north. Among the more hardy plants not a few ascended our mountains, as the gradually rising temperatures permitted, till at last they found a home in the alpine ravines and barrens where low temperatures and open spaces encouraged, and in time were marooned on these islands of cold summers, violent winds, and high altitudes, separated by wide bands of forest and by unfavorably warm climatic conditions from their kinsmen which once dwelt at the foot of these same slopes, but which had now passed on to the far north, to the lower St. Lawrence, to Labrador, and to Hudson Bay.

This is the origin, then, of that distinctive "alpine" flora which attracts the visitor as he emerges from the tree-line at Madison Spring, on the Knife-Edge, at the White Cairn, the lowest Castle, and similar dramatic vegetation-frontiers, a flora of which the closest affinities are with that of the higher Green Mountains, the Adirondacks, and Katahdin, and, at lower elevations, with that of the coast of Labrador. These barren slopes and grey crags, so forbidding to the eye, support a flora of about seventy alpine species (in addition to various lowland species ascending to the alpine region), some of them omnipresent in any landscape above

tree-line, others—the special delight of the botanist—limited to an acre or two in particularly suitable localities. Every climber, whether botanist or layman, has observed the alpine sandwort, the diapensia, or the alpine rhododendron decorating the gravelly barrens and shattered rocks, but some of the other alpine species none but the professional would be likely to notice, and a few have, in fact, been rarely collected even by him.

Below the alpine plants comes the forest. Spruces, birches, and, at the higher levels, chiefly firs, have bravely found their way up the mountain slopes, but this advance has been against great odds, for the combination of extreme cold—with a correspondingly shortened growing season—inadequate nourishment upon the infertile rocks, and, above all, frequent terrific wind-pressures, have discouraged the development of tall trees and resulted in the gradual reduction of stature of the forest to what is known as "scrub," in which the adult trees are no higher than one's head, one's shoulders, or finally one's knees, and dwindle away into prostrate birches and black spruces or low shrubs such as Labrador Tea, bilberries, blueberries, and crowberries. This pygmy growth of forest, in what is known as the Hudsonian zone of vegetation, has a fascination of its own, as one encounters it above Camp Placid Spring on the Air Line, or between the

Knife-Edge and the Madison Huts, the trees forming a tiny, but quite complete, forest cover, beneath the shelter of which is ensconced, in the deep moss, a protected society of charming and delicate little plants, including some of our most fragile beauties. The trees themselves, despite their dwarfed size, are of respectable age, for a stout little fir of one or two inches diameter and perhaps five feet or less in height will often be found to show in its cross-section rings indicating an age of sixty or seventy years. The "lignoles" or "White Mountain fruit"—curious woody growths on the roots of these dwarf trees, varying from the size of a cherry to that of a large potato—seem to furnish a partial underground compensation for the inability of the tree to develop extensively above the surface.

As we descend from the summits toward the Randolph valley the change in vegetation is similar to that which we should note in proceeding southward from Labrador to the same Randolph region, the trees growing less stunted, and their rather uniform and limited number of species at the higher levels becoming more and more diversified by the appearance of the somewhat less hardy types of the so-called Canadian zone, such as maples, beeches, ashes, lindens, and elms, the last-named, save where planted, confined pretty largely to the alluvial soil of the valley bottoms. If we kept on down to Gor-

ham and Shelburne we should meet the grey oak, a species of wild grape, and many herbaceous species of southern range—of the Alleghenian zone—here on their northern frontier in the warmer and more protected valley of the Androscoggin, but not venturing to the colder highlands of Randolph or the Glen. It might be noted in passing that the cold chasm of the Ice Gulch resembles in its flora the regions of similar temperatures in the Hudsonian zone on the high mountains.

Just how much of the lower forest of Randolph was originally of species different from those now dominant there is hard to say. Within the memory of many now alive the logging industry, first for lumber and then for pulpwood, has destroyed most of the primeval growth, chiefly of spruce, which covered not only the lower slopes of the Northern peaks but also much of the Crescent Range. Black Crescent Mountain still retains some of the dark spruce which gave it its name, but Black Mountain in Berlin, further east in the same range, is now denuded of its growth, the whitest mountain in the neighborhood. In this unhappy process the part played by fire has been considerable, being most conspicuous to the average Randolph visitor in the regions of Pine Mountain, Gordon Ridge, and the Moriah Range, or as one looks from our peaks over to the Pilots and their easterly ramifications. The

forest succession after logging is commonly one of the better types of hardwood, such as birch and, at lower levels, beech and maple; after fire it is more commonly a worthless mixture of wild cherry, poplar, and small willows, or, later, gradually replacing them, some valuable hardwoods. Doubtless there were in Randolph, especially in the valleys and on the lower hillsides, primeval hardwood forests, but it is now very difficult to determine how extensive they were, for the fine old woods which might often be taken for such, as on the trails to the Pond of Safety, are certainly for the most part mature second growth.

Deprived of those southern elements found in Gorham but apparently unable to ascend Gorham Hill, the native flora of the township of Randolph (which, of course, does not reach high on the Presidential Range) is comparatively limited in the number of its species. I have spoken chiefly of the trees, but the original conditions were probably more or less uniform, and one of the most conspicuous features of the forest primeval is the limited number of its herbaceous species. Logging, with the bringing in of horses and men and the exposure of large areas to the sunlight, has profoundly modified the character of the herbaceous flora and increased the number of its species, though as the forests gradually revert more and more nearly to their original character

these differences again fade away. Affecting a smaller area but modifying it more deeply and permanently is agriculture, which not only introduces intentionally many species of economic importance but also brings in its train a vast number of weeds and waifs, exotic in origin but now more or less cosmopolitan, and, like some civilized races of mankind, at home everywhere, with a considerable tenacity and immunity to destruction. As one looks over the cultivated part of the Randolph valley, as he first arrives upon the train, he might estimate that, measured not by number of species but by bulk of visible verdure in the cultivated area, probably not over one-fourth of the growth is composed of species originally native to the town. In the pasture areas of Randolph Hill possibly the native and the introduced might be estimated as about equally abundant, but in the woods the natives soon regain the overwhelming preponderance.

Soil conditions, which in some regions produce great variations in plant life, are within the limits of Randolph not very variable. A belt of rich woods on the side of Randolph Hill from Mossy Glen (or even farther west) across Mr. F. C. Wood's pasture to a point south of the church contains limited pockets of richer soil with localized species of plants, such as the white spruce, linden and hop-hornbeam among the trees, maidenhair fern, tooth-

wort, blue cohosh, certain infrequent grasses and sedges, and a pink-flowered self-heal, usually characteristic of calcareous soils—a group of specialties which those familiar with them rightly refrain from revealing. But the lack of very definitely calcareous soils in Randolph is well shown by the absence of their especially diagnostic tree, the arbor-vitae, which, in our part of New England, is chiefly limited to river banks (as along the Androscoggin) or to soils of a decidedly calcareous quality. Certain steep cliffs in one part of the town still contain a little of the rare fragrant fern and one or two other cliff species. The Pond of Safety affords about all that the town can offer in the way of aquatic species—and these not very numerous—and limited areas about that pond are our nearest approach to the peat bog type of vegetation, a society which in the lower parts of Jefferson, Whitefield, and Dalton is conspicuous and extensive but for which our rugged highlands and deep valleys offer little opportunity. Indeed, the peat bogs are but ancient ponds gradually encroached upon and finally captured by vegetable growths. Where there is no chance for the ponds there is obviously none for peat bog development.

To enumerate the plants found in the township of Randolph would exceed the limits of the present chapter, and for more precise information upon that

head the reader may be referred to the author's *Flora of Coös County* (1924), where all species known to occur in Randolph are duly entered. Statistics for the flowering plants and ferns show that 473 native and 186 introduced species and varieties, or a total of 659, have been actually collected within the town (the area of which, it should be remarked, does not include any of the higher mountain summits). But even without an enumeration the present brief sketch may perhaps bring a little more clearly before the general reader who is not himself a botanist some of the larger outlines of the problem of the vegetation of Randolph, which has probably changed more materially during the last hundred years than in any period of the same length since the last glacial epoch.

THE BIRDS OF RANDOLPH

The Birds of Randolph

GORDON BOIT WELLMAN

RANDOLPH has many birds, both in number and variety of species. The number of birds in proportion to its area is more than would be expected because of the importance of its position on the migration route. The variety of species is very much increased by the diversity of the land running from the valley to the mountain tops. Strictly speaking the township includes from the standpoint of birds three of the four life zones found in New Hampshire,—the Transition or as it is called in the East the Alleghanian fauna, the Canadian fauna and the Hudsonian fauna. However the residents and visitors of Randolph are so familiar with the southern part of the town and the northern slopes of the Presidential Range it may not seem amiss to include in this chapter the territory from the town line to the summits of the Northern Peaks. If this is done we have before us all the life zones represented in the state, for the screes and "lawns" above the tree line make possible the Arctic-Alpine zone. This fourth faunal region adds no new species of birds to the Randolph list and very few birds nest in it.

Randolph shows its summer resident birds to the

traveler who mounts from the Moose River to the summit of the Crescent Range. If the month be June or early July a continuous chorus of song reveals the different species in their home haunts. In the morning the valley and rising meadows tinkle with the sparrows' songs, savannah, chippy, song, vesper; robins and bluebirds call in the midst of busy nesting days, kingbirds scream in the orchard while the chebecs and alder flycatchers along the river keep steadily at their monotonous notes. Sometimes house wrens nest in the fence posts and make sallies with bursts of song. The phoebe and humming-bird are regular friends; the kingfishers rattle down the stream, and across the meadows the marsh hawk turns on his broad wings. At the river's edge spotted sandpipers teeter, catbirds and yellow-throats dodge in and out of the low alders; often the great blue heron stands there motionless, one eye on the shallows and the other seemingly upon the sky above where broad-winged hawks or red-tails are sailing in great circles.

The moment one steps into the cool deciduous woods, the valley sounds are shut out and new notes become audible. There is the irrepressible red-eyed vireo to be heard at once, then the black-throated green warbler, the Blackburnian, perhaps a bay-breast, the ovenbird, the blue-headed vireo's alto note, the sad song of the wood pewee, but one still

waits for the ever wonderful experience, the song of the hermit thrush. A few steps within the dry forest of maple and beech and viburnum, the bird lover has but to stop and listen; at once there comes from far away and near at hand the rising and falling silver cadences of our immortal songster.

One of the pleasures of a bird walk from the valley to the Crescent Range is the succession of the open fields of Randolph Hill to the close woods before the real slopes are reached. Once more one is in the bright sun where goldfinches call as they fly, where the piercing song of the olive-sided flycatcher comes from afar and where barn and eave swallows sweep by, bobolinks sing in ecstasy and crows call hard by in the white pines. Then into the woods again and up to the Canadian fauna where Canada and black-throated blue warblers, winter wrens, red-breasted nuthatches, juncoes, and sapsuckers are found. Still higher on the slopes of Mount Waumbek and Black Crescent one meets the spruce and fir forests where the three-toed woodpeckers of both species work; the pileated laughs and shakes down the chips from his work on the dead trees, crossbills fly overhead and now and then a yellow-bellied flycatcher is heard. The olive-backed thrush is heard here repeating his song; on the Presidential Range he sings to the treeline although the veery and the hermit are left far behind in the lower woods.

The Hudsonian fauna as a life area is hardly found in the confines of the town, but all the species of birds which inhabit the scrub fir and spruce on Mount Madison and Adams are found on the Crescent Range; Canada spruce partridge, although now probably very rarely found there, Canada jay, blackpoll warbler, myrtle warbler, golden-crowned kinglet, Acadian chickadee, typical birds resident in the region forty-five hundred to five thousand feet above sea level on the Presidential Range.

To those who love Randolph it is perhaps the days and nights spent in the upper forests and on the great open slopes above tree line on the northern peaks of the Range that stay with us the most poignantly. There, too, in the strange stillness and clear air the birds make their never-to-be-forgotten impression. With almost the keenness of the association of smell, a junco's song in early spring heard in the city streets will carry one back to the upper reaches of the Air Line and Randolph Path. The white-throat's delicate song has an added ethereal quality when it comes floating up out of the ravine. Who has been so fortunate as to hear the Bicknell's thrush on Nowell's Ridge or the Cape May warbler at the Perch or the Tennessee warbler on Mount Jefferson? It is a rare day in the late, swift summer of the mountain tops when, lying on one's back in the soft grass between the gray boulders with all the

world spread below, one hears the pipits' melodious dee-dee on every side, the myrtle's characteristic snap in the dwarf-birches, the running talk of the juncoes and can watch overhead a bald eagle circle higher and higher until with incredible speed he planes away towards the sea.

Migration time brings many species and strange adventures to those interested in Randolph birds. The spring movements are despatched with great speed but are not less intricate in their manoeuvres than the autumnal migration. It is the latter that gives the observer the chance to make red-letter lists and view the "rushes" at some leisure. The return movement is begun when just after the middle of July the solitary sandpiper is seen standing at the edge of the Ravine House pond or by the little ponds at Bowman. The height of the fall migration is reached in early September when one can fall in with a great flock in the valley and move westerly with them hour after hour as they feed and flit from tree to tree. This east to west migration through the valley from Pine Mountain to Bowman Station is a most conspicuous movement. Not only warblers, vireoes, chickadees, thrushes and such birds which are really night fliers are thus seen moving slowly west from tree to tree, but from the middle of August large flocks of swallows—tree, eave, barn, bank—and night-hawks, swifts, and bobolinks can

be seen flying towards Cherry Mountain not to speak of more unusual birds such as mergansers, black duck, five or six great blue herons, or a line of hawks. When one considers that the Randolph valley is the only break from the east through to the Connecticut River valley from Stark on the north to well below the whole White Mountain region, that is for more than forty miles, there is some reason for this migration along the Moose and down Israel's River. Mr. Ora Knight¹ speaks of seeing night-hawks migrating in thousands in August in the state of Maine, flying in a northwest direction, which would point to a movement through the White Mountain barrier before the southern turn was made. One wonders if it may not be true that many birds of the Rangeley Lake country do drift in the first stages of the southern migration into Randolph, and then avoiding the wall of Mount Adams turn westerly into the Jefferson region. The numbers of Lincoln sparrows, Philadelphia vireoes, Cape May and Connecticut warblers stopping in Randolph and Jefferson² in the autumnal migration would suggest this turning back of the southern movement by the northern peaks.

However true this speculation may be, one may actually watch the resident birds of the mountains

¹O. W. Knight, *The Birds of Maine*, Bangor, 1908, p. 297.

²H. W. Wright, *The Birds of the Jefferson Region*, Manchester, 1911.

gather together and descend to the valley, there to join others, and all then to turn westerly across the divide at Bowman Station. Such bands one begins to meet by the middle of August at the foot of King's Ravine and following them one finds oneself in a few hours perceptibly nearer the valley. These are the characteristic birds which have nested in the ravine and on its walls, many of them are the young birds of the year and are still being fed. They are the Blackburnian, magnolia, black-throated green, Nashville, bay-breasted, blackpoll warblers, red-starts, white-throated sparrows, chickadees, blue jays, winter wrens and thrushes—lower down they are joined by chestnut-sided, northern parula, black and white and mourning warblers, vireoes, scarlet tanagers, rose-breasted grosbeaks and the birds from the north, whence the whole happy family travels westerly out of the town. At times bluebirds and chipping sparrows and northern flickers crowd the highway borders. With different years come new and unexpected combinations and arrivals. Unfortunately most of these autumnal flocks are accompanied by a sinister figure, the too well known sharp-shinned hawk or possibly by a Cooper's hawk. Many times one can encounter such a bird movement on a September morning and see for thirty or forty minutes a new species each minute.

Such are a few of the interesting chances for bird

study in Randolph. The year around sees more than one hundred and seventy-five species in the town, and anyone who has followed the ways of birds can imagine what experiences await the ornithologist in such good country. We have not spoken of the fluctuating movements of species from the South. There are always species of the Transition zone pushing adventuresomely up the Androscoggin and Connecticut valleys and it is a question each year whether or not wood thrush, oriole, yellow warbler, warbling vireo and field sparrow will appear in Randolph. We have also not mentioned the winter visitors, redpolls, snow buntings, pine grosbeaks, tree sparrows, snowy owls, rough-legged hawks and northern shrikes nor the familiar permanent residents such as the ruffed grouse, brown creeper, downy and hairy woodpeckers, great horned owl and white-breasted nuthatch. Many changes are taking place and will continue to do so with the increasing summer residents and sight-seers; these changes will register their effect on the birds. With more open spaces and sunshine the birds of the Alleghanian fauna will increase and the deep wood dwellers retreat, but there is good fortune for all who love these marvelous creatures of color and song in that permanent retreat, the National Forest Reserve. May the next hundred years of Randolph be also a century for its birds!

THOMAS STARR KING

Thomas Starr King

POSSIBLY some mountain enthusiast as he climbs up the tilted boulder strewn floor of the Great Ravine on Mount Adams wonders for what king it was named, or why Randolph claims a share in the fame of the eloquent Boston preacher.

In the city of New York, in the year 1824, Thomas Starr King the eldest child of Rev. Thomas F. and Susan Starr King was born. In 1835 Mr. King was called to a large Universalist Church in Charlestown, Mass. and there, under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, the boy grew to manhood. Fate dealt hard with this ambitious, brilliant and scholarly boy. Before he was ready for Cambridge the death of his father laid upon this lad of fifteen the responsibility of bread winner for his mother and her five younger children. It now seems a strange fact that one of the most brilliant and moving preachers the great pulpits of Boston ever heard, one of the most subtle theologians the Athens of America at the height of its Athenianism ever knew, never crossed the threshold of Harvard as a student and never entered a theological school. From the time hard necessity forced him from the schoolroom to the counting room, the lecture courses of the Lowell

Institute, self improvement clubs, the books of the great libraries were Starr King's college and theological training.

At the age of twenty he began to preach. In 1846 his father's congregation in Charlestown extended a unanimous call to the son.

Two years later the wealthy and influential Hollis Street church in Boston invited him to its pulpit. The great things of life now began to crowd themselves upon the young minister. On his twenty-fourth birthday, established in one of the finest pulpits in Boston, he was married and with his beautiful young wife made a home whose hospitable door was open to all. The list of his friends and intimates was a notable one: Orville Dewey, Frederick Hedge, Edward Everett Hale, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Alcott, Whipple, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell.

The eleven years of Mr. King's pastorate in the Hollis Street church were crowded with telling sermons in his own and other pulpits and brilliant lectures in many states. In the multiplicity of his duties the preacher, never rugged in health, found himself each spring at the breaking point which was averted only by good summer vacations at the sea-shore and the mountains. In the summer of 1854, Mr. King wrote to a friend, * "I went to the White

*From *Thomas Starr King*, by C. W. Wendte. By permission of Beacon Press.

Mountains and Dixville Notch with James T. Fields. The weather was splendid and we had an insuperable time. I want once to take you on the eastern side and taste the scenery mesmerically through your delight."

In September of the following year Starr King wrote: * "The summer is over. I send you an autumn greeting. Yesterday forenoon I was driving in a wagon far up on the banks of the Androscoggin within twenty miles of Umbagog Lake, feasting my eyes on the noble view of the three greatest mountains of the White Mountain Range: Washington, Jefferson and Madison. It is a view which I discovered this year and it beats all other landscape views of the hills out and out."

In the ten years of his summering and wintering in the White Mountains, Starr King came to know them thoroughly. He spent all or portions of nine summer vacations in Gorham because he especially enjoyed that mountain girdled alpine village and because of the accessibility of the grand features that enthralled him. He learned too that Gorham was a strategic point from which to explore the grandeur and beauty of the hitherto unknown region of Randolph and northern slopes of the Presidential Range.

By some of the older people of Gorham, Mr. King is still remembered. His was a most striking figure

*From *Thomas Starr King*, by C. W. Wendte. By permission of Beacon Press.

as he walked briskly about the streets of the village. He was a slender, youthful looking man with a fresh, beardless boyish face, long lank hair and large luminous brown eyes. His nature was a very joyous one and throughout his burdened life he kept the fun loving spirit of his boyhood. At the ministers' meetings held on Mondays in Boston, he especially loved to tell the following story at his own expense and that of the cloth. Early in the first summer of his stay in Gorham the villagers made inquiry of Mr. King's guide, "Who is that man that is going over the mountains with you? He looks like a minister." The loyal guide rather reluctantly replied, "Yes, he looks like a minister and he is a minister. But he ain't a darned fool for all that."

Mr. King early made the acquaintance of Mr. James Gordon, the local mountain guide, who became the clergyman's admirer, and "fidus Achates" in all his explorations.

It was probably at Mr. King's suggestion that Gordon opened the first mountain path in Randolph — a mere blazed trail starting in on the Wood farm and passing near Blueberry Ledge to the summit of Madison. Over this rough Gordon Trail afterwards known as the "Starr King Path" climbed numerous parties. Many times Thomas Starr King stood on the brink of the "great ravine on Adams" and gazed longingly into the depths down to the boulder

strewn floor where no man had ever stood. Sometimes he drove slowly along the Randolph road to or from Jefferson of a late afternoon with an equal longing as he watched the shadow of the western rim creeping across the floor and up the eastern wall. "There," I said to myself, "the very spirit of the hills is concentrated, yet the ravine was generally believed inaccessible."

After a summer of vain effort to organize an exploring party, late the next summer Mr. King found three companions venturesome enough to join him in an attempt, under the guidance of Mr. Gordon, to penetrate the ravine from below and if possible scale its walls. The expedition was evidently regarded as of much importance for several friends, guests of the Alpine House, accompanied the explorers up to Randolph. With all good wishes for their arduous and perhaps perilous attempt those friends saw the five adventurers set off into the forest at four o'clock one rainy afternoon at a point near the farmhouse that later would become the Ravine House. Mr. King's little daughter of five years was much alarmed lest the Randolph bears should eat her papa, but was comforted with the assurance that in summer the bears wore velvet mittens drawn over teeth and claws.

Mr. Gordon's plan was to reach the ravine by ascending the course of Coldbrook by bank or bed as

best they could. Pushing laboriously through fern growth and brush, "carrying their boots full of liquid ice," they reached a point at sunset, it would seem, near Mossy Fall. Here they encamped in the open and spent the night in real comfort, thanks to Mr. Gordon's woodcraft. Early the next morning, they were again upon the move, "their first excitement kindled by the gorgeousness of the morning sunlight on the sheer gray rocks of the curving wall of the ravine."

For six hours they toiled over the boulders of the floor and up through the scrub, their "talk no doubt the first sound of human voices that had ever broken that solemn stillness" and emerged from the ravine by the present time "Gateway."

After the ascent of Adams, the rejoicing explorers began the long tramp toward Washington which they reached at seven o'clock that night "commending to all lovers of the most exciting and noble scenery which the White Mountains furnish, the northerly route to the summit of Mount Washington."

Thus on those summer days more than sixty-five years ago those five explorers under the inspiration of Thomas Starr King, with all the zest of Fremont, the Pathfinder, made their way into King's Ravine, scaled its sheer walls and picked their course across the peaks by unmarked ways that are now well-worn paths.

The name of its first explorer was given to the "Great Ravine on Adams" by more than the right of discovery; for Starr King made known to the world King's Ravine and the region of the Northern Peaks through a series of letters in the Boston *Transcript*, clothed in the fervor and wealth of beauty of the author's wonderful diction.

In the spring of 1855, Mr. King wrote: * "I am at work on a book to interpret the landscape of the White Hills." Four years later in September, 1859, he said, * "The White Mountain book will be out for the holidays. It will be a beauty." The book was the product of the vacations of ten years taken at every season. Much of it was written at the Alpine House and Lary Farm in Gorham, portions during his brief sojourns in Jefferson and North Conway.

Upon its publication, *The White Hills* was at once recognized as a wonderful success. But in 1860, after Mr. King had removed to California, he wrote to his friend, the Editor of the *Transcript*, * "I forgot to thank you elaborately for your admirable White Mountain article, and your friendly but excessive praise of the author's work. The book won't pay me pecuniarily (I have not realized five hundred dollars from it, and its sale I suspect is about over) but it has paid me in compliments and kind words among which yours are chief and welcome."

*From *Thomas Starr King* by C. W. Wendte. By permission of Beacon Press.

In the present day of crowded life, brief descriptions, trenchant statement, no one, not even Mr. King himself, would write in such an easy, joyous style, at such length. Yet in competition with recent and extensive mountain literature, *The White Hills* holds and will continue to hold an honored place as a guide and interpreter of this beautiful region.

A call to a pastorate in San Francisco in 1860, appealed to Mr. King. He said of it,* "We are unfaithful in huddling so closely around the cozy stove of civilization in this blessed Boston and I for one am ready to go out into the cold and see if I am good for anything." In April of that year, with his wife and little daughter, he sailed from New York for California. In those days the voyage to the Golden Gate by way of the Isthmus of Panama was a long and torturing experience and Mr. King's was as bad as the worst. But the cordiality of his reception by his new people enabled him to forget the miseries of the sea.

Thomas Starr King's four years' pastorate in San Francisco was a splendid success. But it was wholly transcended in importance by his service to the state of California and his country. In 1861, fully half of the people of California were of Southern birth or sympathies. There was open talk of carrying the

*From *Thomas Starr King*, by C. W. Wendte. By permission of Beacon Press.

state into the Confederacy or, what would have been worse, of making it an independent slave holding Pacific republic.

Up and down the state for two years Starr King went, delivering lectures, sermons, addresses, orations, extempore speeches of fierce invective, of stern warning, of glowing patriotism. And the people of a nature that loved splendid oratory and were swayed by it, heard and heeded. And after those years of unsparing effort he won his cause, he brought California into the Union. Well has he been called the "prophet of patriotism."

But only the soul and will of the patriot were invincible. His body was frail and delicate. In February, 1864, he was stricken suddenly with a fatal attack of pneumonia, and died as much a martyr to his country's cause as any soldier who fell at Gettysburg.

In the city park of San Francisco, overlooking the Golden Gate, stands Daniel Chester French's noble bronze statue of the preacher and patriot clad in the robe of his holy office.

Two mountains, one in Yosemite Park in California, the other in Jefferson in New Hampshire and the grandest ravine in the White Hills bear the name of Thomas Starr King.

MEMORIALS OF THE PATHMAKERS

Memorials of the Pathmakers

GRATITUDE to those who have served our community is a characteristic of Randolph, old and new. As early as the second year after the incorporation of the town our fathers set apart a beautiful spot for the final resting-place of the beloved dead. The town has always cared for its cemetery most devotedly.

With deep sympathy and appreciation the people welcomed the wish of Mr. Ethelbert Peek, of Chicago, in the summer of 1912 to erect a memorial to his father, Mr. William H. Peek. By the roadside on Hodgdon's Hill was a glacial boulder that the elder Mr. Peek had greatly admired for its great size and symmetry. In time it came to be known as "Peek Rock." All about the boulder was a fine growth of hardwood forest. In response to Mr. Ethelbert Peek's wish to purchase, the Brown Company, of Berlin, presented to the town an acre of the noble trees surrounding the rock to be known as the Peek Memorial Park. The land was reclaimed and the natural beauty of the spot enhanced by approaches of stone steps, paths and comfortable wooden benches. Upon the face of the boulder Mr. Peek erected a handsome memorial tablet of bronze.

On an August afternoon of that year townspeople and summer guests gathered near Peek Rock under the great trees in the little park for the dedication of the memorial. After addresses by several of Mr. Peek's old and valued friends, the beautiful tablet was unveiled by a granddaughter, Miss Hazel Peek, of Chicago.

BORN IN
LONDON, ENGLAND
1820

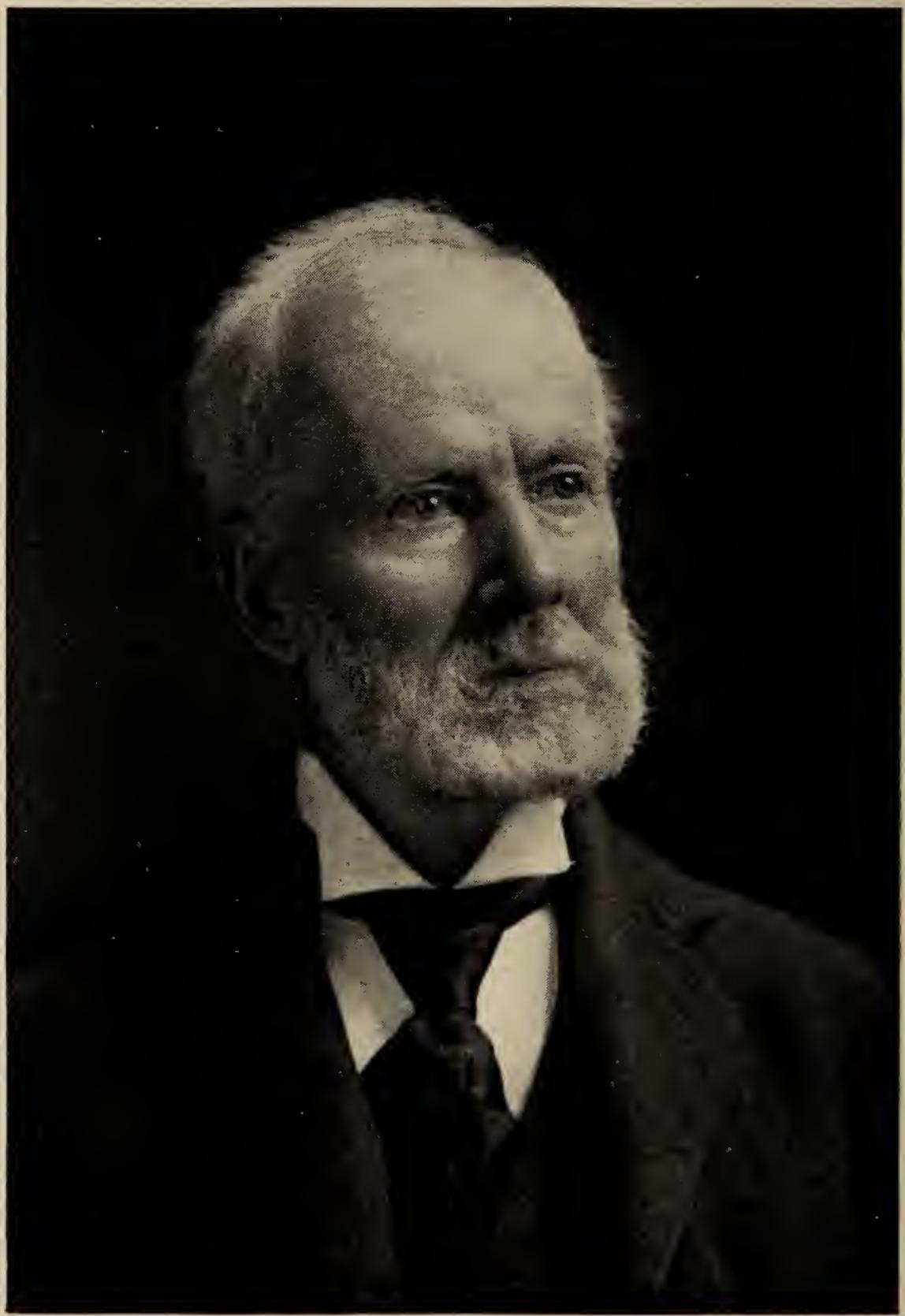
DIED IN
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1905

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM H. PEEK OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1880 In Randolph twenty-five summers 1904

“A beautiful life has passed into the tomb, there to await the requiem of the winter’s snow.”

Mr. William H. Peek was born in London in 1820. He was educated at Merton Abbey School, laying there the foundations of rare learning. At the age of eighteen he came to America to become in a few years the junior partner in the firm of Weeden and Peek, book sellers and publishers in Providence, Rhode Island. The store of Weeden and Peek, at the foot of College Hill, became the gathering place of the professors and savants, a store famous in Providence as was the “Old Corner Bookstore” in



WILLIAM H. PEEK

Boston. There Francis Wayland, the psychologist, and James Boise, the noted Greek scholar, became Mr. Peek's close friends.

In 1853 Mr. Peek became a partner, and a few years later the sole proprietor, of a furniture manufactory in Chicago.

When the young stranger arrived in the new western city he saw, at what is now the corner of Randolph and State Streets, a low, modest, little white house which he thought was just such a house as he would like for a home. In a later year he was able to buy that very house to be his home the remaining days of his long life. Chicago grew, and at Randolph and State Streets was one of the busiest corners in the city. Mr. Peek and his cottage and many of his beautiful shade trees then moved out into the country at 34th Street on Wabash Avenue.

Mr. Peek's business prospered from the start; holdings in city property increased in value enabling him to retire early from business to a life of leisure. In his quaint white cottage, that in a few years was again in the heart centre of that wide spreading city, Mr. Peek lived an ideal life of freedom from care, yet of never-resting activity, surrounded by his books and his scientific instruments. At the rear of his house he built a conservatory in which he cultivated a wonderful collection of roses, and carried on experiments in plant growth.

Few men have been more devoted to the beautiful things of life than Mr. Peek. For twelve years he was the organist of one of the largest churches on the south side of Chicago. He painted in oils and water colors with rare skill and taste. For many years the walls of the Ravine House parlor were made beautiful with his studies of Randolph scenery.

In 1878 a supreme grief came to Mr. Peek: he lost the companion he had married in Providence in his young days. That summer, at the entreaty of his family, he was induced to seek respite in a journey. He went first to Montreal, then into the States by the Grand Trunk Railway. Charmed by the beauty of mountain-girdled Gorham he interrupted his journey at that point. There he met Mr. Laban Watson and first learned of the charms of Randolph.

For twenty-five years in succession, Mr. Peek, with some member of his family, spent the months of July, August and September at the Ravine House. He so loved Randolph that he spent much time, labor and money in laying out and constructing paths for the convenience and enjoyment of mountain lovers not only of his own time but of the future. The felicitous nomenclature of the region is largely due to his taste and learning.

“The lesson of his life is the lesson of the homely virtues of industry, patience, frugality, sobriety, self denial, generosity, kindness and justice.”

As, one by one, the pioneer pathmakers were taken from us, we were moved to act in the matter of setting up lasting memorials in honor of these men. A committee of the Randolph Mountain Club was appointed. Funds were subscribed. The Great War, the rapidly increasing cost of construction and other obstacles delayed the work, but several projects were carefully considered, and several surveys and preliminary designs were made.

It was finally decided to unite the separate funds for the erection of one memorial to all the pioneer pathmakers. A committee consisting of L. F. Cutter, E. H. Blood and A. S. Pease was appointed in 1923 to put this plan into execution. This committee decided upon a substantial foot bridge which was designed by members of the committee, to be erected over Coldbrook. Mr. Cutter prepared the plans and Mr. Blood directed the building. The site chosen is the point where Mr. Edmands's Link Path crosses Coldbrook, a few rods below the falls. The path, winding under tree arches, approaches the bridge on both sides along curves which reveal the beauty of the structure. The simple lines of the bridge strikingly harmonize with the great beauty of the place; its sturdy strength harmonizes with its character as a memorial to sturdy men. The structure expresses strength and permanence. The piers of rough stones laid in strong cement are

bolted to the ledges on either side and are connected by peeled hemlock logs treated with a preservative. The main log is over five feet in circumference, covered with a continuous sheet of copper and rests at the ends on heavy galvanized saddles. All the logs are creosoted, and are protected at the ends by a reinforced concrete covering. From the great main copper covered log to the last copper nail, the bridge expresses the stability for a century's endurance. To Mr. Cutter's tasteful design, to Mr. Blood's devotion in planning and directing the details of construction, to the interest and fidelity of helpers, both volunteer and paid, Randolph owes this beautiful Memorial Bridge.

At the eastern approach to the bridge, on a stone quarried by the frost from the ledges, will be carved these names: Gordon, King, Edmands, Cook, Nowell, Sargent, Peek, Hunt, Watson, Lowe.

The name of James Gordon will always be associated with that of the Rev. Thomas Starr King. He lived for many years in Gorham in a small house on the main road nearly opposite "Lary's" where now is the Gorham Inn. Starr King made Mr. Gordon's acquaintance in the first summer of the former's stay in Gorham. The minister found the grave, quiet man, skilled in all woodcraft, a congenial companion and employed him as his guide in most of his explorations in Randolph. Mr. Gordon



EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS COOK

made the first mountain path in Randolph to the summit of Mount Madison.

James Gordon died in Gorham in 1862, at the age of fifty-two and was buried in the Evans Cemetery. The splendid Gordon Ridge, and the falls on Synder Brook, opposite the Ravine House, preserve the name of our first mountain guide.

In the early days the guests of the Ravine House always associated the names of Mr. Peek and Mr. Cook. These two men worked together in all sorts of enterprises.

The life of Eugene Beauharnais Cook was a romantic and interesting one. He was born in New York City, in 1830, of a very distinguished family of the old regime. His father, a graduate of West Point, was a distinguished military engineer, a personal friend of Martin Van Buren. In Mr. Cook's boyhood the family moved to a stately mansion in the then aristocratic Hudson Street in Hoboken. There Mr. Cook lived his long life; in later years patiently resisting the encroachments of commercialism, steadfastly refusing increasingly fabulous offers for his home.

The diversity of his talents and the skill with which he did everything he undertook were the wonder of his friends. Educated at Princeton, a man of profound learning, he had a world reputation as a writer on abstruse subjects, particularly

Chess. He was an authority on all matters pertaining to Chess and possessed the third largest library of books on the game in the world.

The rooms of his Hoboken home were filled with collections of rare objects, the walls adorned with busts and portraits of great musicians and composers. He excelled as a musician, especially a violinist.

Randolph knew Mr. Cook as a famous mountain climber and tireless pedestrian. It is reason for pride that for years two of our pioneer pathmakers, Mr. Cook and Dr. Sargent, held the endurance record of all the region for mountain climbing.

At five o'clock on the morning of September 27, 1882, Cook and Sargent left the Ravine House, climbed Mount Madison, then ascended nearly every principal peak of the Presidential Range and descended Mount Clinton into Crawford Notch. At the Crawford House they began their homeward tramp by the highway to the White Mountain House; then by the Cherry Mountain Road to Jefferson Meadows. The last reach was down the valley to the Ravine House where they arrived in the light of the full harvest moon at 1.24 A.M. Their walking distance had been more than forty-two miles with a gross ascent of about 8,800 feet mostly over trails far less easy than those which now exist, covered in twenty hours and twenty minutes.

In these days of specialized athletic training the feat is doubtless often surpassed. But forty years ago it was an achievement long to be remembered.

After the limitations of declining years made great feats impossible, Mr. Cook still came to Randolph every summer finding joy in his violin, in woodland, valley walks and the society of devoted friends. He died in Hoboken in March, 1915, at the age of eighty-five years.

If J. Rayner Edmands' work as a scientist and teacher had not already rendered him eminent, his system of paths and trails—making accessible and connecting the beauties of the northern slopes—would have made his name famous wherever the White Mountains are known.

Mr. Edmands was one of the early graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, taking the degree of Mechanical Engineer in 1869.

It was probably in 1868 that young Edmands as an undergraduate Tech student paid his first visit to these mountains. He became an ardent lover of the White Mountains and his interest centered about the northern peaks of the Presidential Range.

In 1876 when the Appalachian Mountain Club was founded he became a member, held office almost from the start and was a member of the Council every year but one until 1886 in which year he was president. Later he was again on the Council in

1893 and 1894, and for the last seventeen years of his life—1894 to 1910—he was one of the club's trustees of real estate.

In all those early years, before 1890, the need of better paths must have been very evident to Mr. Edmands, but he does not appear to have been active in making them. After the "time service," formerly performed by Harvard under his personal care, was taken over by the Naval Observatory at Washington, his work in Cambridge became less confining and he could leave it for longer periods. Then Mr. Edmands gave himself with great enthusiasm to the making of paths and camps, and later to the establishment of a public reservation in the mountains and to the agitation for National Forests in New England, which in the end brought about the passage of the Weeks Act.

To a trio of Randolph pioneer trail-makers, one who from boyhood was the friend and companion of each, Mr. Louis F. Cutter, has paid this tribute in a recent article:

"We who have long been coming to Randolph have had the privilege of knowing the three remarkable men who did so much to make Randolph what it is. Peek, learned, kindly, serene in high religious faith. Cook, athletic, brilliant and erratic, scrupulously honorable in everything, hating all injustice and oppression. Edmands, exact, careful, in-

genious in contriving, planning for the future even in minute details, patient and persistent in carrying out his plans, kind and helpful, hospitable, charming all by his manners and by his music. All three religious, filled with love for the mountains and forests, eager to share that worship with others, doing their work here as a labor of piety."

Four years after Mr. Peek discovered beautiful Randolph, there came to join the Ravine House coterie, George A. Sargent, of Boston. He was a descendant of the old schoolmaster, Sullivan, the immigrant of mysterious origin, famous in New Hampshire history; father of the governor of New Hampshire, and the governor of Massachusetts, the latter was Sargent's ancestor. Mr. Sargent had graduated at Harvard in 1876. He had been engaged in the cotton business in the South, and interests in the West. He began coming to Randolph for reinvigoration of health which the mountain air soon gave him. In 1888 a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, he came back to his Randolph friends as the beloved "Doctor Sargent." As the years went by the appreciative Ravine House circle gave to the Doctor his best possession—the devoted wife of a lifetime.

Dr. Sargent was a muscular climber of iron endurance. Reference has already been made to the twenty hour endurance hike which he and Mr. Cook made

in the autumn of 1882. But the walk that afforded Dr. Sargent and his friends most satisfaction, involving great self-reliance and confidence as it did, as well as endurance, was a venture all alone into the unblazed, pathless wilderness. In the summer of 1885, with only a compass and his wood-craft for guides, he set out from the Ravine House for the Pond of Safety, then through the forest without a blaze to Round Mountain, then across Willard's Notch to Terrace Mountain and into Bunnell's Notch. Here, by agreement, he met Mr. Cook and Mr. Peek, who had reached that point with guides from the direction of Lancaster Gore.

In Bunnell's Notch the party spent the night in a solitude still, even today, as profound as Starr King found in the Great Ravine thirty years before.

In later years, Dr. Sargent purchased the large Henry Rich farm, and there, under the beetling brow of Lookout Ledge, made his home for many long and happy summers until his death in May, 1923. The mountains preserve his memory in Sargent's Cliff, high up on the sheer sides of the Ice Gulch.

The name of Dr. William Grey Nowell is preserved forever by a noble and imposing mountain memorial. Dr. Nowell was born in 1837. He received his collegiate training at Bowdoin College and later studied theology, was ordained to the ministry and



MEMORIAL BRIDGE ON COLDBROOK

is known to have preached in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1872. He was also a physician but preferred teaching to the practice of medicine. He taught in the high school in Malden, Mass., and later in New York City. He was a man of most unusual attainments in mathematics and science, and was the recipient of many honorary degrees.

Beginning in 1873, Dr. Nowell spent many long summers in Randolph at the hotels and in his cabin on Nowell Ridge, which he erected in 1890 on the site of the present "Log Cabin" of the R. M. C. Often he had the companionship of young boys at his cabin. He imparted to them his own enthusiastic love of the mountains while he coached them for coming examinations.

Dr. Nowell contributed to *Appalachia* many valuable papers pertaining to the northern peaks and slopes. He was a man of great physical strength and hardihood. There is a tradition that a party making a late autumn ascent along the "Valley Way" found the ice broken in a deep pool in Synder Brook and attributed it to a bear seeking a bath; later, meeting Dr. Nowell, the party were informed that he had broken the ice for a delicious plunge that frosty morning.

Dr. Nowell has not visited his mountain haunts for years. Enfeebled by age he is living in retirement in Hooksett.

There are many who still gratefully remember mountain climbs with Hubbard Hunt as guide. With a slender, well-knit figure, curling black hair and beard, dark blue eyes that in moments of excitement looked black, of never failing good nature and kindness, silent, almost taciturn, yet eloquent in describing beautiful sights and sounds, Mr. Hunt was a man to enjoy as well as trust on a long tramp.

Hubbard Hunt came to Randolph from Whitefield. He purchased land that was only partially reclaimed near the Bowman farm. With years of rugged toil he developed a fine farm that was his pride. On it he erected substantial buildings. It was with great reluctance that he yielded his homestead to the requirements of the railroad and lived his last days with his sons. He died in February, 1903, at the age of sixty-nine.

Abel N. and Laban M. Watson built themselves into the Ravine House as they built up their primitive farm into the delightful hotel. Their guests always knew that their plans for the opening of new paths, the repairing of old ones, the clearing of view points, or the developing of beauty spots would be promptly carried out by the Watsons and their men. The early Watson Path to the summit of Madison was but one of many enterprises carried out by Laban Watson at his own expense for the pleasure of his guests, and of the whole community.

“Osgood’s Guide” to the White Mountains, published in 1882, contains the following:

“Charles Edward Lowe lives in Randolph eight miles west of Gorham. He is the best guide to the great northern peaks and is said to be cautious, intelligent and companionable. He charges three dollars a day.”

Charles Lowe was the son of Clovis Lowe and the grandson of the old patriarch Levi Lowe. He passionately loved the mountains and was happy only when living in their midst. In 1856 when eighteen years of age, Mr. Lowe in company with his father, purchased the hillside tract known as the Ingalls’ clearing—the present farm of Mr. Charles E. Hunt—and much additional land along the highway at the east. On a commanding site buildings were erected. The house was a large, two-story dwelling, the finest and most commodious in all the region. The estate was named “Brookvale” and came to be widely known among visitors to the mountains.

A few years later, Mr. Lowe built new buildings and made a home nearer the road, where his son, Mr. Vyron D. Lowe resides. As a professional guide, Charles Lowe made his house a base and starting point for parties ascending the northern peaks. He built a path still known as “Lowe’s Path” which ascended over Nowell Ridge to the summit of

Adams, with a branch to King's Ravine. The path was a better one than any that had been built up to that time, and was made a toll path. Three hundred persons used the Lowe Path the first season.

After many years service as a popular guide, Mr. Lowe removed to Randolph Hill to become the proprietor and manager of the Mount Crescent House. As mine host, Mr. Lowe was esteemed and patronized as he had been as a guide. He continued in the management of that hospitable hotel until his death in 1907.

Such were the men whose names and memory the bridge on Coldbrook is to preserve. Doubtless their surprise would be great could they know the esteem and respect of the people of today and the future. They did their work without desire or thought of praise, for their own enjoyment and that of their friends, perhaps with some dim vision of what that work might mean in the future.

To the labors of these Pathmakers, to the liberal spirit of the permanent residents, to the generosity and loyalty of the summer guests, is owed the "New Randolph," the Randolph of modern hotels, of tasteful summer cottages, of a prosperous people, of a refined and cultured summer life, a community bound together by ties of mutual sympathy and good will.

